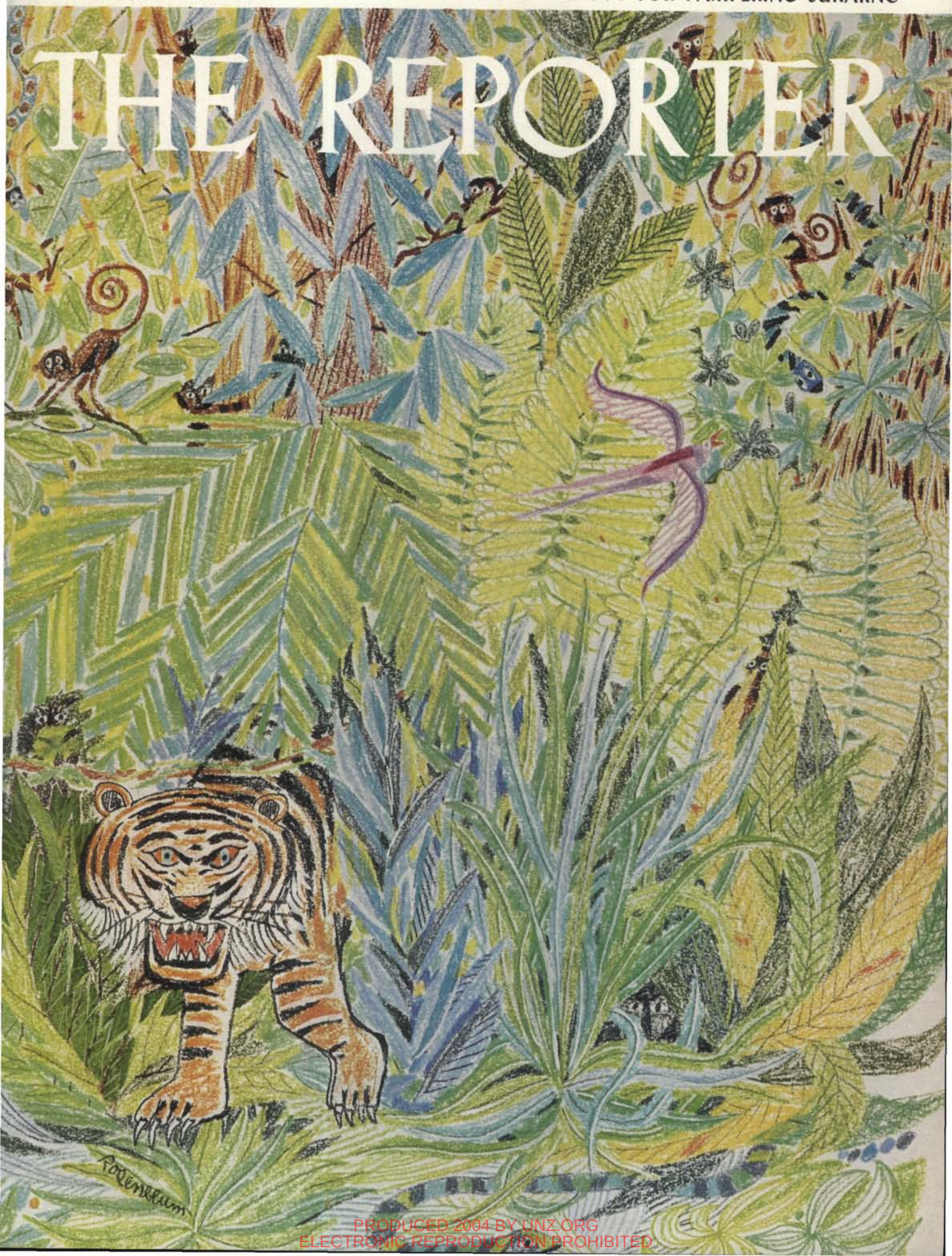
Neither an Echo Nor a Choice

October 8, 1964 35¢

WHAT WE GOT FOR PAMPERING SUKARNO

THE REPORTER



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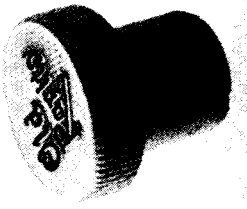

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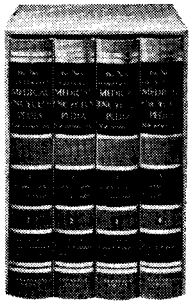

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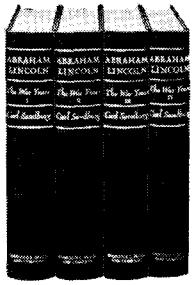

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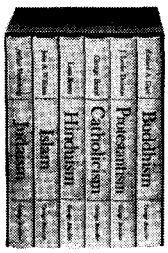

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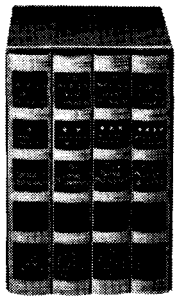

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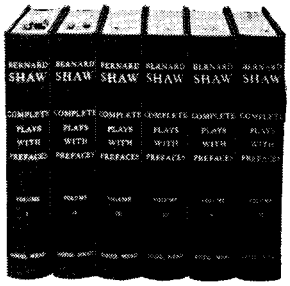

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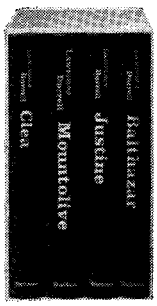

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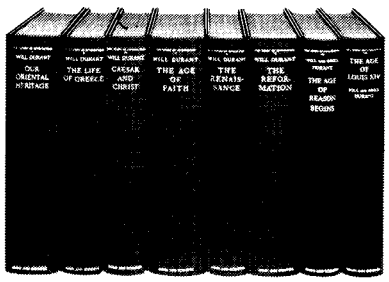

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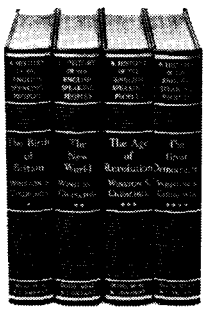

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THE REPORTER, October 8, 1964, Volume 31, No. 6. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021.

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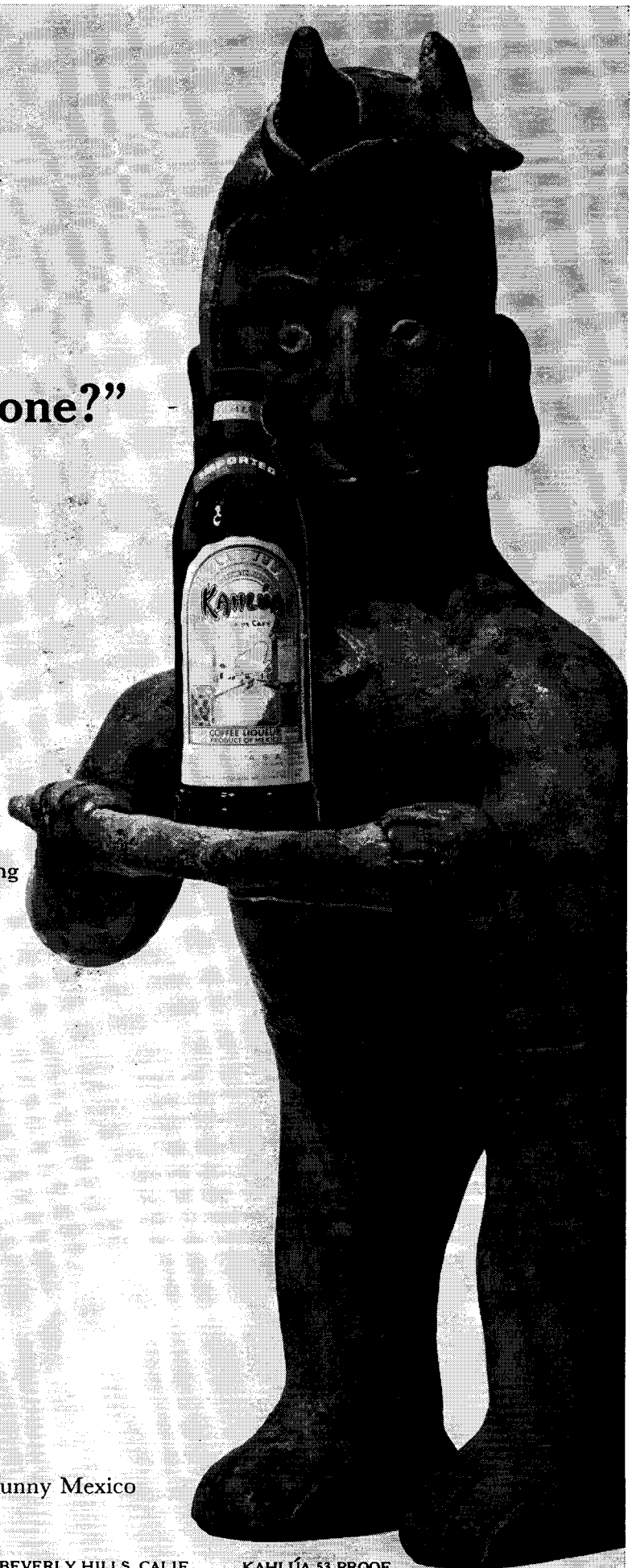

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

GOLDWATER's admirers claim that he offers "A Choice, Not an Echo," but **Max Ascoli** argues that he offers neither. The Republican ticket is not an alternative to the Democratic ticket this year but a compelling reason—among others, to be sure—why Lyndon Johnson must be re-elected. . . . Even faced with defeat, the forces behind Goldwater are working for another sort of victory—the capture of the Republican Party. **Jerald ter Horst,** chief of the Washington Bureau of the Detroit *News*, describes the action on this second but extremely important front. . . . **Meg Greenfield** attempts to bring to the surface one of the subterranean issues in the Goldwater campaign. . . . In the privacy of the polling booth, every voter's decision is a personal one. **William Lee Miller,** an associate professor at the Yale Divinity School whose collected essays, *Piety Along the Potomac*, have been brought out by Houghton Mifflin, has a personal reason indeed for voting against candidate William Edward Miller.

PRESIDENT SUKARNO of Indonesia is so given to demagogic speechmaking that the press no longer always pays his pronouncements much heed. Buried in the bombast of his annual Independence Day oration in August, however, were anti-western statements of such intemperance that the address must be considered the official turning point in Sukarno's alignment with the Communist world. As **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist who regularly reports to us from Southeast Asia, points out, American attempts to coddle Sukarno have failed, and Indonesia can no longer be considered separately from our other problems in the region. . . . In the aftermath of President Kennedy's assassination, there was a wide demand for legislation to regulate the mail-order sale of firearms. One eminently reasonable bill was sponsored by Senator Thomas Dodd, currently standing for re-election in Connecticut. Nevertheless, in the months that followed, a well-organized campaign against regulation brought enough pressure on key senators to kill the draft legislation in committee. **Elizabeth Brenner Drew** covered the hearings as senior writer for the *Congressional Quarterly*. . . . The current modernization and expansion of the Indian Army will make it one of the world's largest. The political and strategic implications of this development are assessed by **Rawle Knox,** the London *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in New Delhi. . . . The discussion of the Supreme Court's reapportionment decisions begun in our last issue is carried forward by **Robert G. Dixon, Jr.,** professor of law at the George Washington University Law School, Washington, D.C. . . . **Hannah Lees,** a Philadelphia free-lance writer, reports on a small-loan program in her city that is enabling Negroes, among others, to rise into middle-class status and to get a stake in the economic life of the community.

AMONG Sigmund Freud's greatest non-accomplishments was his analysis of Gustav Mahler's neurosis. Fortunately, according to **Frederic V. Grunfeld,** the great Bohemian composer died before he could be cured of it, thereby preserving Mahler's special musical ambivalence for a later generation not so easily distracted by "dissonance by collision." Mr. Grunfeld, who writes from Mallorca, is a frequent contributor on the arts. . . . Now working on a pamphlet on Tennessee Williams for the University of Minnesota series on American writers, **Gerald Weales** views the iguana with much the same sympathy as those who leave their first bullfight feeling sorry for the bull. . . . **George Steiner's** latest book, *Anno Domini: Three Stories*, will be published this month by Atheneum. He teaches at Churchill College, Cambridge. . . . **Madeleine Chapsal** is a French free-lance writer. . . . Our Chilean artist **Fernando Krahn** serves us regularly as an Inspector General of social mores. . . . This is **N.L.S. Sand's** second appearance in our pages.

Our cover is by **Richard Rosenblum.**

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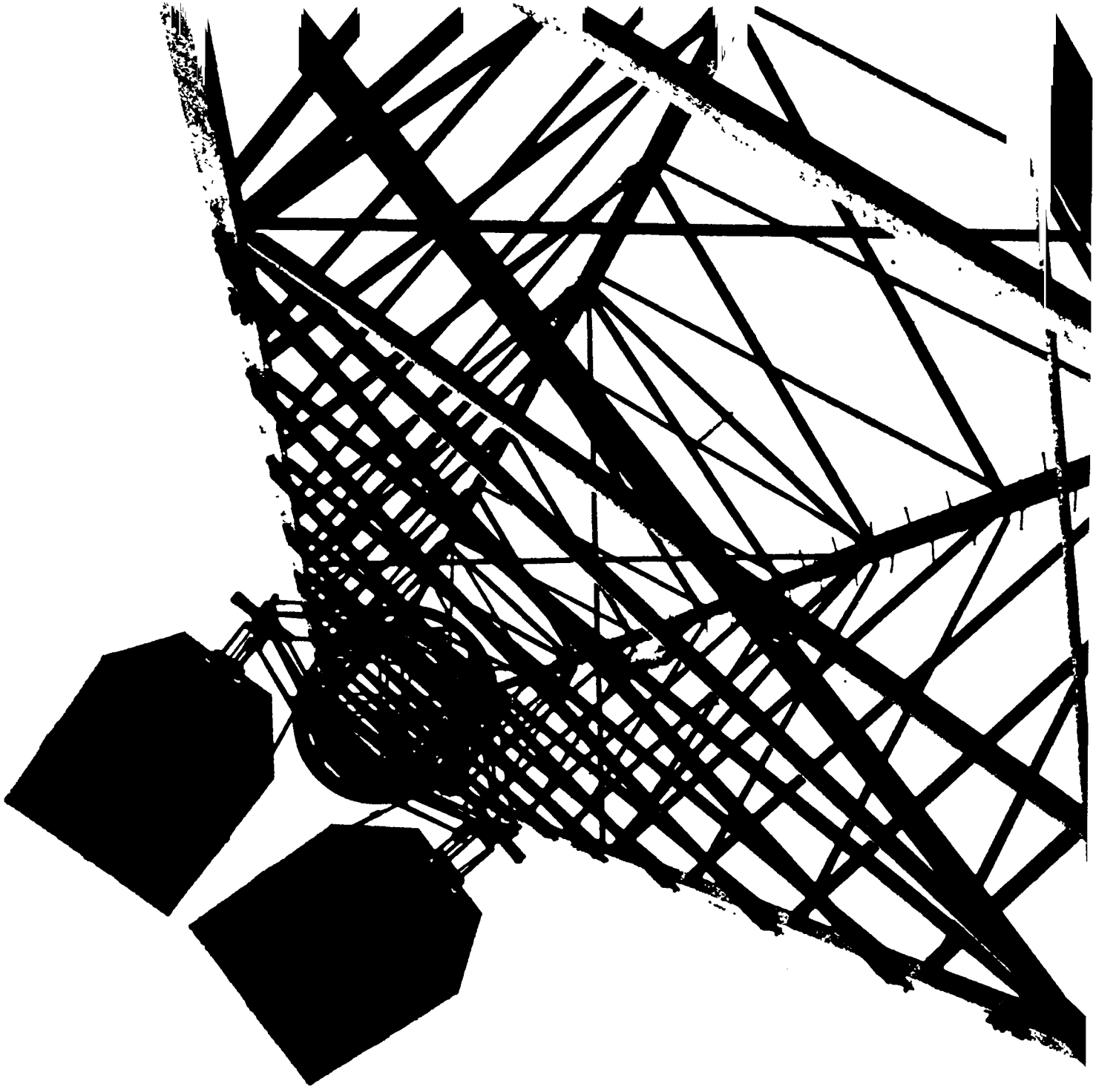

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CORRESPONDENCE

CLEARING THE AIR

To the Editor: As co-author of the Clean Air Act of 1963, I thought C. W. Griffin, Jr., did an excellent job of reporting on this vital subject in "The Air Around Us" (*The Reporter*, September 10).

However, I would like to point out that reference is made to the new tax law allowing a fourteen per cent investment credit on air-pollution-control devices rather than the usual seven per cent rate. I had offered such an amendment to the tax bill last February and, while it passed the Senate, it unfortunately was dropped in conference. I intend to continue to press for the enactment of such legislation.

ABRAHAM RIBICOFF
U.S. Senate

To the Editor: The article by C. W. Griffin, Jr., is one of the most complete and effective arguments I have read for immediate remedial action against the lethal air pollution that endangers the health and lives of millions.

I have a special reason to be grateful to Mr. Griffin, because his article may succeed in arousing the public from its long apathy and produce the kind of support public officials interested in solving the problem need to achieve some results.

I have, for example, introduced a bill into the City Council of New York City calling for the progressive curtailment of low-grade fuel oils with high sulphur content, as a step in the direction of reducing the air contaminants that are spewed out of the smokestacks of our utility and manufacturing companies. I have also urged Governor Rockefeller to call a special session of the state legislature for the purpose of enacting laws that would establish at least the same safeguards against automobile exhausts that California has instituted for all automobiles, beginning with the 1966 models.

I might add that in both instances the opponents of my proposals, all representing special interests, have been more vociferous than the general public which has so much at stake in the control of polluted air.

ROBERT A. LOW, Councilman
New York City

NO WABASHLASH?

To the Editor: Victor Hoffmann and John Strietelmeier's "Gary's Rank-and-File Reaction" (*The Reporter*, September 10), on the Presidential primary results in Indiana, contains some errors of fact and requires some elaboration.

To begin with, Governor Wallace's showing in Indiana can hardly be called "strong" when compared with his earlier results in Wisconsin, a Northern liberal state, and later in Maryland. In Wisconsin, Wallace garnered some thirty-five per cent of

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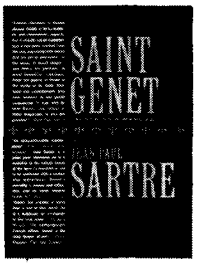

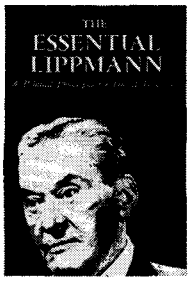

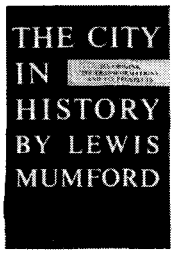

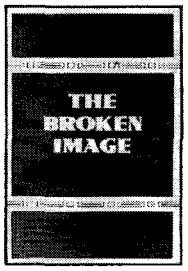

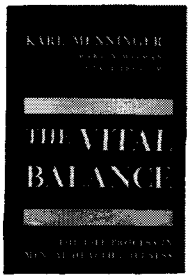

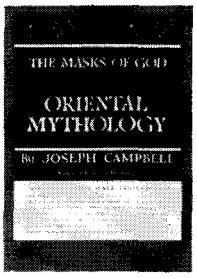

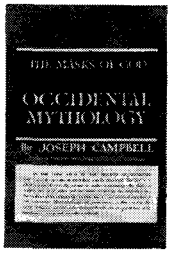

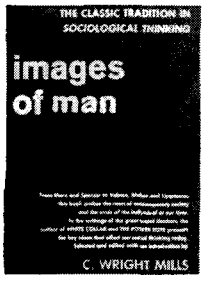

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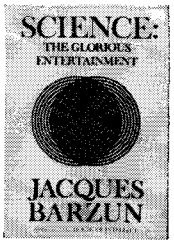

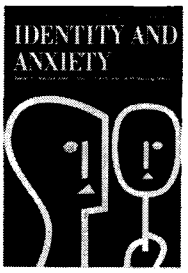

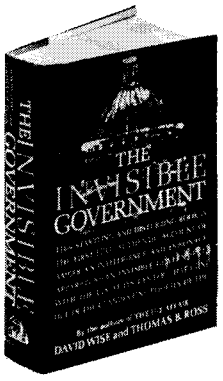

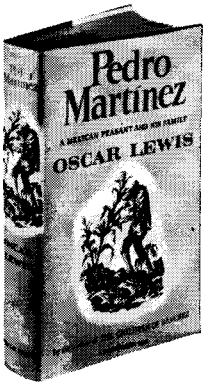

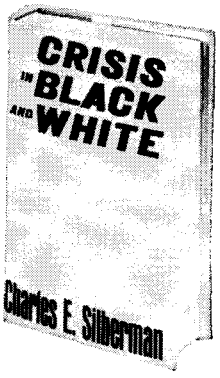

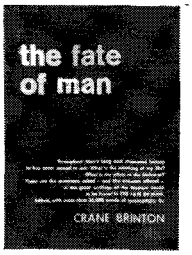

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Acrostician—

HAROLD WILSON

the Democratic vote and twenty-five per cent of the total vote. In Maryland Wallace almost won, picking up forty-two per cent of the Democratic vote. Compare this with Indiana, wherein Wallace received only twenty-nine per cent of the Democratic vote and eighteen per cent of the total. Wallace did *not* carry three Indiana counties; he won only in Lake and Porter Counties, at the northwestern tip of the state.

Although Wallace did not enter the Lake County area personally, he campaigned vigorously through Chicago TV appearances, radio tapes, newspaper advertisements, and direct mail, plus door-to-door handbilling. In these efforts, he represented himself not as a symbol of segregation, as the authors claim, but as a symbol of states' rights.

The authors conclude that the backlash was more evident in Lake County than in Indianapolis, and thus account for the difference. But the Indianapolis Democratic organization is and remained solidly for Governor Welsh, while the Lake County organization, disgruntled over local issues, failed even to slate its own governor in the primary. The same was true in Porter County, the only other county that Wallace carried.

Indianapolis news media dedicated tremendous time and space to the campaign, doing a thorough and honest job of reporting and, in most cases, editorializing against Wallace and his views. The coverage in Lake and Porter Counties was virtually nonexistent.

Finally, it is significant that Representative Ray Madden of the First Congressional District (Lake County) received 40,000 votes in the primary. His closest opponent, running on a pro-segregation stand, drew only 10,000 votes.

We feel confident that, despite *some* backlash in Lake County, both it and neighboring Porter County will stay with the Democratic Party in the fall, and will give an overwhelming majority to President Johnson. Even in areas of known backlash potential, the issues of peace and prosperity override the issue of race. And, as your authors point out, hardly anyone is saying that the Negro should not ultimately have what he is demanding.

DON RADLER
Director of Information
Democratic State Committee
Indianapolis

To the Editor: Apropos of your comments ("The Reporter's Notes," September 10) concerning backlash, frontlash, boonlash, and hashlash, have you considered:

—the swing of those socially concious voters who liked the poolside shenanigans of the Bobby Kennedy group (splashlash);

—the movement of rich businessmen to LBJ (cashlash);

—the resentment of big-city rioters against the campaign issue of law enforcement (slashlash);

—and the movement to Goldwater of the vigorously athletic (dashlash) or fellow photographers (flashlash).

At this point I will stop, saving you further gnashlash.

DONALD J. SEVETSON
First Congregational Church
De Kalb, Illinois

REFRESHING PAUSE

To the Editor: Having been intimately identified with "commercial" shows since the days when we put them on with company employees, I found Alan Levy's article "Industry Dons Sock and Buskin" (*The Reporter,* September 10) most interesting, particularly the profile of the Jam Handy Organization, which I have known for many years.

It would take a very courageous promotion man to state categorically that a World's Fair expenditure was justifiable. I am afraid that the situation has developed into a sort of mass hysteria on the part of big corporations to a point where no one has the intestinal fortitude to stay *out* when he knows that his competitors are going to be *in.*

Some day there will be an organized determination to boycott this kind of late Roman Empire spectacle, but the spectators undoubtedly will vote to continue the "bread and circuses."

E. D. SLEDGE, Vice President
The Coca-Cola Company
New York City

FIREPROOF TRIBUNAL

To the Editor: I read Alpheus Thomas Mason's "The Supreme Court Under Fire Again" (*The Reporter,* September 24) with much interest and I agree with his analysis in general. To me, one point that should be emphasized is left unconsidered, namely that the court has no control over the cases and issues which are brought before it.

The cases depend upon the litigants and their lawyers, and in many ways are a reflection of the times in which the court is asked to decide the great issues of the day.

I believe that an institution which has survived the petulance of a Jackson, two Roosevelts, a Truman, and lesser critics will survive the current storm. It will survive because, upon sober reflection, our people know that the courts are ultimately their only protection against arbitrary, capricious, and unlawful governmental action and the vindicator of their basic Constitutional rights. What happened when Hitler stripped the courts of their power to protect and vindicate individual rights and the examples in Communist countries where the courts have no such power should be a sufficient reminder to cause our people to eventually make it clear to the politicians that they will brook no destruction of the independence of our judiciary.

CHARLES S. RHYNE
Washington, D. C.

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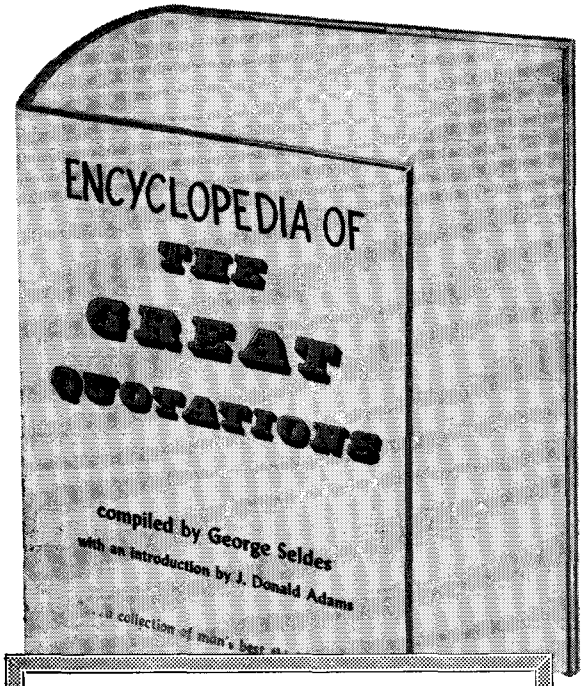

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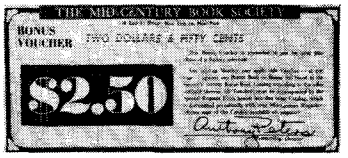

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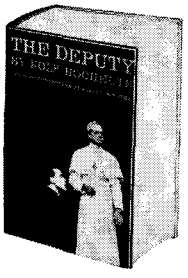

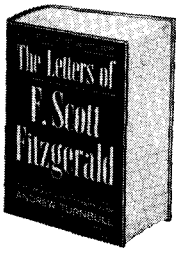

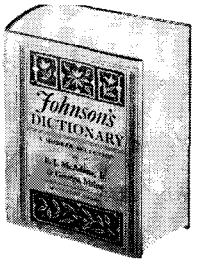

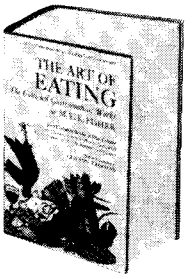

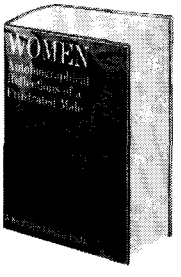

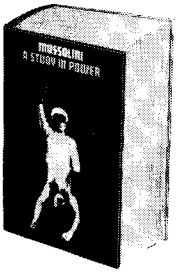

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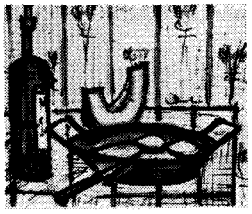

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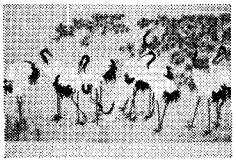

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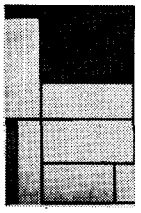

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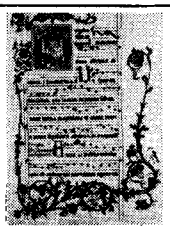

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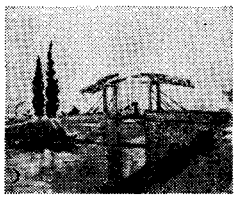

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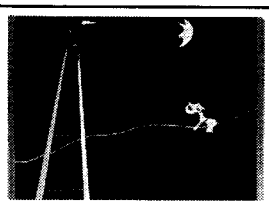

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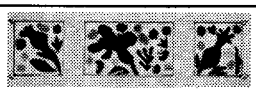

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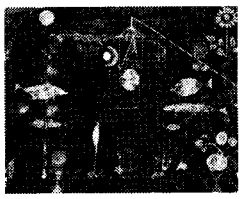

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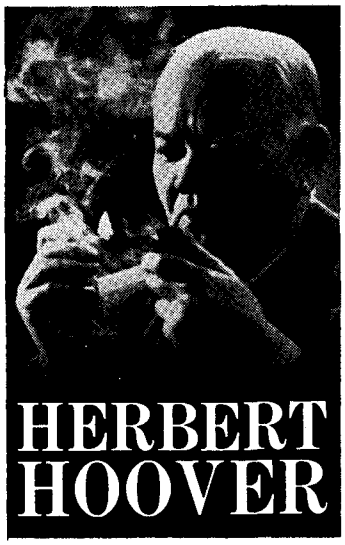

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

In the Not So United Europe

PARIS

Just when the overcast above the Common Market area seemed to have closed in for good, two weird developments have further unsettled political and economic affairs in this notoriously unstable westward peninsula of Asia.

The major one is the French milk strike, a streamlined and press-agented *Jacquerie* that France's mechanized twentieth-century peasants have launched against de Gaulle's government in their chronic agitation for higher farm prices.

The international implications of the strike were not apparent on September 18, when the powerful National Federation of French Farmers broke off its most recent negotiations with the government and announced that until its various economic demands had been accepted, its members would not deliver any more milk to cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants. Newspaper readers in the French capital, the main target of the peasants, were inclined to shrug off the affair as merely another tiresome incident in the interminable economic warfare between town and countryside. It was further assumed that if the strike became really bothersome, de Gaulle would find time between banquets in South America to deal with the matter.

The real shock came the following week, as the last reserves of powdered milk were vanishing from foodshop shelves in Paris and other large cities, when Minister of Agriculture Pisani, attending a Common Market ministerial meeting in Brussels, cheerfully informed his Dutch colleague that France was ready to buy all the surplus milk Holland or anybody else could ship. To Pisani's indignation, the Dutch, who have milk pouring out of their ears, claimed that they were too worried about their domestic supply to let France have any.

The true story came out next day. Before declaring their strike, the French peasants had sent emissaries to the farm organizations of the other Market countries and obtained pledges from them not to step up milk exports to France.

"For the first time in the history of the Common Market," commented *Le Monde*, "solidarity between members of the same trade has been given concrete expression. The creation of this 'common front of milk' can give a political impetus to the 'green Europe' that has become bogged down in ministerial discussions."

As *Le Monde* went on to point out, the new entente between Common Market milk producers demonstrates that it is not pressure from national farm groups that has been blocking the Brussels negotiations but rather the governments. The peasants of the six Common Market countries are quite ready to lift intra-European tariff barriers on farm produce and to fix a common price level for them—as long as it is high enough. Thus in supporting the French milk strike, they are hoping to raise French milk prices to the Dutch and German levels. And it is precisely this kind of dairymen's co-operation to raise prices that most terrifies the six Market governments, all haunted by the specter of inflation.

Some observers here fear that the European milk front against France's price-stabilization program may give de Gaulle a popular excuse for walking out of the Common Market, but it might have a quite different effect. The strike may drive the six governments into finally accepting de Gaulle's plan for political union without supranational mechanisms so as to present a united governmental front against their own farmers, workers, industrialists, and other pressure groups. There is a hint of such evolution in the Dutch govern-

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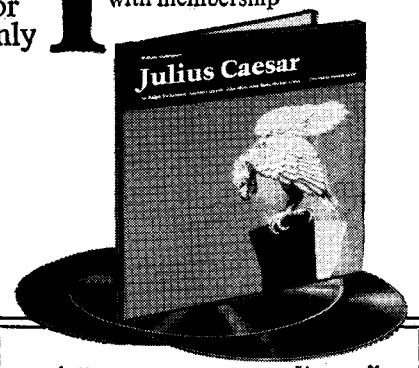

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ment's decision to release some seventy-five thousand liters of milk a day for shipment to France. This is only one-twentieth the daily normal consumption in Paris alone, but it may help to meet the needs of infants and invalids. It is not enough to break the farm strike, but is enough to indicate that the two governments stand together to alleviate its impact.

As if to drive home the paradoxical point about the breakdown of the Common Market accompanied by increasing co-operation across frontiers among Europeans with common interests, the Socialist delegations of its six member countries walked out of the Strasbourg Parliament in a united huff the other day—another Common Market first—because Christian Democrats from both banks of the Rhine had gone into a smoke-filled room and come out with an agreement not to raise the controversial issue of a permanent capital for Europe at this time. Apparently the more Europe falls apart, the more firmly its pieces stick together, but this may not always prove an unmixed blessing. —EDMOND TAYLOR

Who's for Whom

The name of the game is Endorsement, and it has only one rule: immediately upon opening your newspaper to one of those full-page ads recommending this or denouncing that, you must cover the list of signatories and guess from their message who they are. Is it the sort of thing that Bishop Pike cares about? Or is it more to the tune of the latter-day John Dos Passos? Does it seem to go ever so slightly *too* far? Far enough for Corliss Lamont, say, or Major General Charles A. Willoughby (Ret.)? For advanced students of the art, of course, the only real challenge is trying to work it all backwards—inferring from the list of persons what could be on their minds. And until now Endorsement enthusiasts had always looked forward to election years as being particularly suited to their talents, what with Independent Piano Tuners for the Defeat of Referendum 84 and things like that springing up all over.

For 1964 the game is up. The unpredictable has become so predictable already that the only surprising organization we have heard of was one described by columnist Art Buchwald as "Republicans for Goldwater." Still, 1964 with its flurry of endorsements and counterendorsements which almost amount to endorsements of another kind has got us to thinking some deep thoughts about the meaning of all this borrowing and lending of names. We are concerned, to put it bluntly and as Senator Goldwater might, with the fact that far more power has fallen into the hands of the endorsers than the Founding Fathers ever had in mind, if indeed they had it in mind at all.

Consider the case of Henry Ford II, whose announced support of Johnson caused a ripple of worry and suspicion about the candidate himself in certain anti-business circles. Then along comes Orval Faubus with a big smile for the Johnson-Humphrey ticket. We can guess how that was received in various enclaves of the North. Different as the two cases and the two men might be, Ford and Faubus both represent net gains for Johnson. But suppose a candidate doesn't *want* an endorsement. Suppose it could even do him in—is there anything he can do to forestall it? Or must our Presidential nominees go through arduous months with the added burden of wondering if and when Khrushchev or Hoffa or Nasser is going to make his preference known?

The Republican ticket—or at least its senior partner—has already had to disclaim support by the Ku Klux Klan. Now Gerald L. K. Smith has come forward with an offer of support. It seems to us that Senator Goldwater is busy enough this summer between taking TVA off the market and putting it back on again without having to find time for all these repudiations. Moreover, to anyone with an ounce of imagination the dangers inherent in the situation will be clear. First there could be the nefarious deal by which some grand or petty dragon on the political scene is prevailed upon to come out foursquare in favor of one's opponent. Again, he could be encouraged to announce his support for one's own side,

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Among the political programs

The Polls and the Candidates
How public opinion polls effect campaigns.
Sunday, October 4 (12:30-1 PM)

Campaign and the Candidates
Sunday, October 4 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Politics '64
Candidate's eye-view; Analysis of the Negro vote; Politics at the basic level; Polls and computers.
Wednesdays, October 7, 14, 21, 28 (10:30-11 PM)

Campaign and the Candidates
Tuesday, October 13 and 27 (10-11 PM)

Akron and the Next President
The campaign in a highly-contested city.
Wednesday, October 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Smear: The Game of Dirty Politics
History of smear in American politics.
Sunday, October 25 (6-6:30 PM)

Other programs of special interest

Think Pretty
Musical about the recording business.
Fred Astaire and Barrie Chase.
Friday, October 2 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Treasure Island
Mr. Magoo as Long John Silver.
Saturday, October 3 (8-8:30 PM)

Flying Through the Air
Practice and theory of flight.
Sunday, October 4 (11:30-12 noon)

World War I
Doomed Dynasties; Atrocity 1914; U-Boat Warfare; Verdun the Inferno.
Tuesdays, October 6, 13, 20, 27 (8-8:30 PM)

1964 Summer Olympic Games
Opening ceremonies, live via satellite.
Saturday morning, October 10 (1-3 AM)
Other events through October 25.

Explorers Before Columbus
History of expeditions to American shores.
Sunday, October 11 (11:30-12 noon)

Go-Between
Drama about candidate whose young son is kidnapped before Election Day.
Thursday, October 15 (10-11 PM)

Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me
Poetic commentary, with masked actors, tracing concept of monotheism.
Sunday, October 18 (1-1:30 PM)

The Fantasticks
Adaptation of off-Broadway musical, starring Ricardo Montalban, Bert Lahr, Stanley Holloway.
Sunday, October 18 (10-11 PM)

The Weird World of Witchcraft
Impact of witchcraft on society.
Sunday, October 25 (11:30-12 noon)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: That Was the Week That Was

Wednesdays: CBS Reports

Saturdays: Exploring/NCAA Football

Sundays: *Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My* Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery '64/Face the Nation/ Issues and Answers/AFL/NFL/Sunday/ Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to *change. Please consult local listings.*

Write department R for free copy of the new bibliography, *Television in Government and Politics.*

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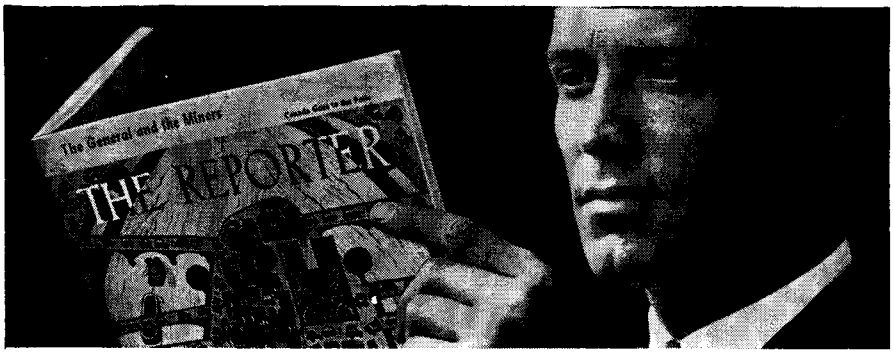

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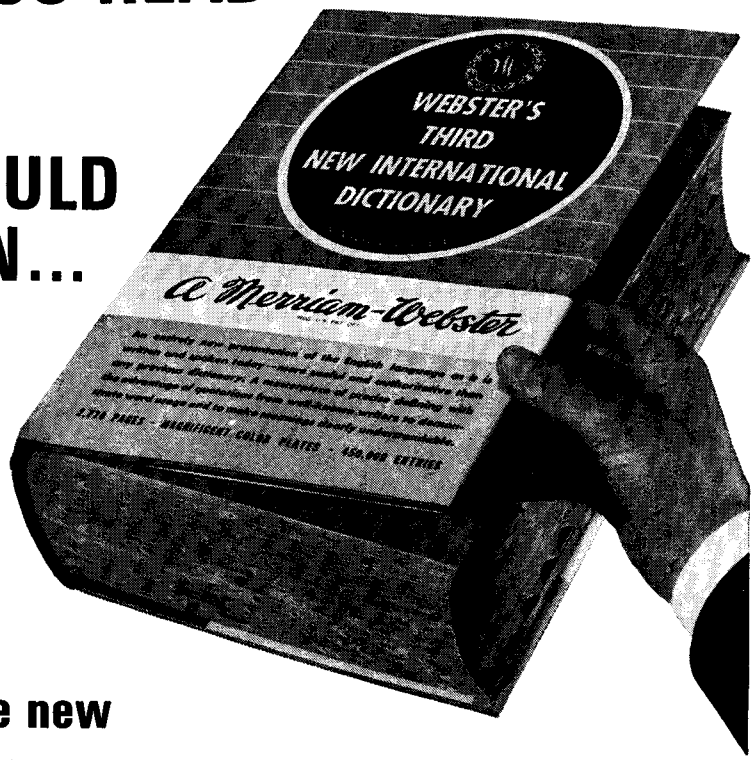

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thereby providing the candidate with an opportunity to disclaim him loudly on all three networks. These days, everyone seems worried about possible abuses of poll-taking, fund-raising, and related activities in our election campaign. If one of those bipartisan task forces ever gets together to discuss these things, we suggest that it also consider the negative power of positive endorsing.

White Boycott

The boycott that kept nearly a fifth of the students out of New York City's schools on opening day was generally considered a success. Not only are white boycotts something new to the North; it was the first time that white parents north of Virginia had ever proposed setting up private schools to get around integration measures. The two groups that organized the boycott, the Parents and Taxpayers Coordinating Council and the Joint Council for Better Education (a collection of Brooklyn neighborhood organizations and some local PTAs), claimed to represent nearly a million people, and their main objection was the pairing of eight elementary schools to correct racial imbalance. Such a cry was raised before school opened about the amount of bussing the pairing would involve that both Senatorial candidates, Kennedy and Keating, were drawn into the debate. Both announced that they were opposed to long-distance bussing. Even Hubert Humphrey was heard to demur.

Such a position is as unassailable as it is irrelevant. For in the pairings, as it turned out, only 383 children had to be bussed. Since half of them would have been anyway, and since roughly half were Negro, that left about ninety-eight white elementary-school children to be added to the 48,000 regularly bussed to school. In fact, for all the board's changes, which included some rezoning and some shifting about of sixth- and ninth-graders as well as the pairings, only about three thousand white children were affected, or less than one-third of one per cent of the total school population.

"We admit it's only a drop in the

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bucket," said Mrs. Rosemary Gunning Moffett, the head of the PAT council. Apparently it was what might come next that mattered most. Both leaders of the boycott, Mrs. Moffett and Gerald Dallek, head of the Joint Council, paint a grim picture of what they claim the school board has in mind. Their allegations, however, do not check out. Nevertheless, both the leaders have ready answers to any rebuttal the school board makes. Mr. Dallek asserts simply that the school board "lies." Mrs. Moffett says, "They change their tactics whenever we publish a charge."

Both claim they are for integration. Both claim a majority of the Negroes support their position. Both approve of the board's open-enrollment and free-choice program whereby Negroes in ghetto schools can choose to transfer to any school where there is room. Yet Mrs. Moffett has no children and the school Mr. Dallek's children attend is too crowded, "unfortunately," to receive any open-enrollment students. Bernard Kessler, a lawyer who takes credit for organizing most of the PAT groups, is the only one of the three leaders who has a child who is affected by the board's new arrangements. His daughter, a sixth-grader, is still attending the same school.

The only "private school" the white parents could set up is a sad affair in the rumpus room of the co-operative apartment where Mr. Kessler lives. This co-op development, while it houses a few Negro families, has been the target of repeated complaints by the State Commission for Human Rights for refusing apartments to Negroes.

So much for the leaders. What are the followers like? Robert Pigott, president of the Queens school board, under which five of the eight paired schools are placed and familiar with the PAT people in Queens for some time, summed them up best: "I wouldn't be surprised if they had given to the NAACP in the past. A lot of them are Jewish, and a lot of them for civil rights. That's why it came as such a shock to me. I should have known better. When things strike home, some of the idealism gets lost."

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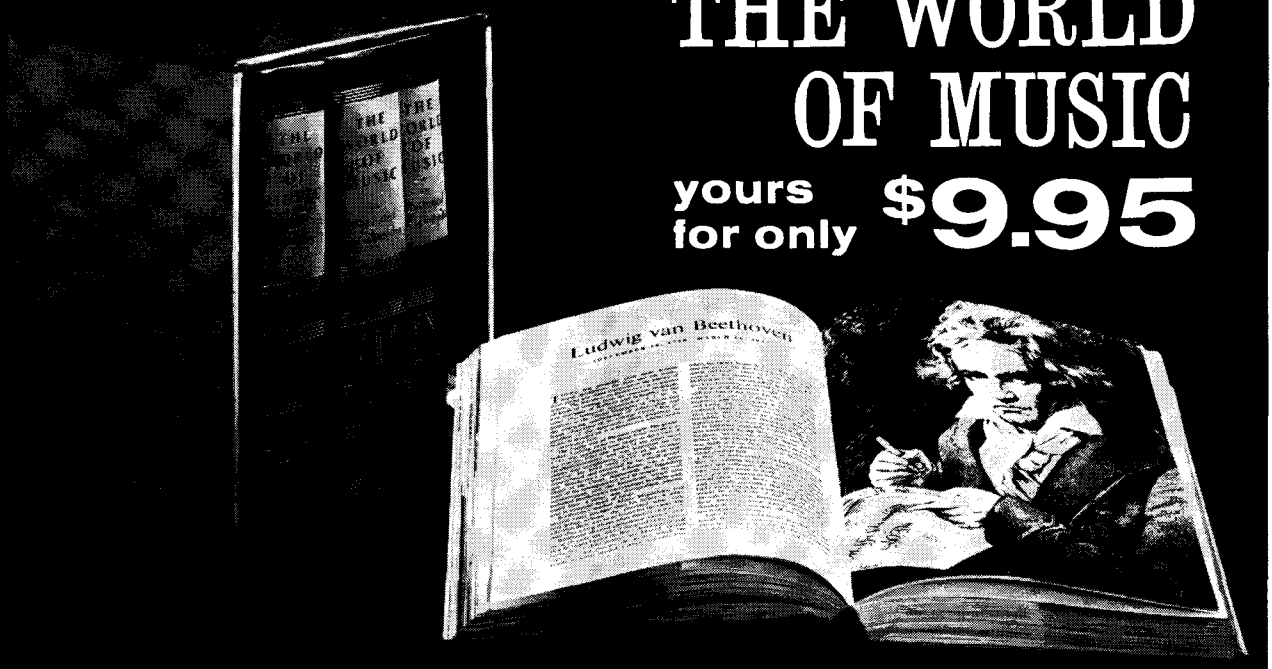

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Neither an Echo nor a Choice

WELL BEFORE Election Day, it is already clear that the results are going to be as momentous as the course of the campaign has been uneventful. There has been no novelty in the noisy doldrums of electioneering, and yet among a very large number of citizens there has been an apprehension, an anguished feeling of concern over what is going on in our country's politics that no poll can possibly size up or sample. Even the Democrats are apprehensive, and have good reason for wishing that victory should be a little more discreet in coming to their side. They will find no relief until all the votes are counted, for how can they know if or when Senator Goldwater will stop stampeding more and more voters to their side?

Anyone who cares at all about the way this country is run can never feel quite free of a sickly sense of uneasiness. Something has changed in the politics of our country, something that may have been in the making for quite a while. It is hard to size it up. The San Francisco convention was the first great shock and the portent of more to come. It had been known for weeks that Senator Goldwater was going to win the nomination; but after it happened and the already discounted event started to sink in, its impact became more and more staggering, not just for Republicans but for people of the other party and of none. Our party system, only a little bit younger than the nation itself, was creaky and quaint, but when every four years its time came to become operational, it worked to the satisfaction of nearly everybody. When that one of the two great parties that calls itself both Grand and Old was taken by storm and brought under the tight control of an intolerant, radical faction, it was turned into something for which there is no precedent in our country.

Neither was there a name for it. The odd setup that Senator Goldwater has fashioned in his own image by rallying around himself political forces of still undefined character and strength has the distinct peculiarity of being against partisanship as it has always been practiced and conceived in this country. Probably the proper name for this thing must be borrowed from the obscure terminology of politics in the Soviet Union. It is an antiparty. Just as, within the ranks of what used to be the G.O.P., it has deprived of any position of influence or authority all men who represent orientations different from those of the leading group, so it faces the Democratic Party with an unrelenting hostility that could only be appropriate if it were fighting not a political campaign but a civil war. There is no use trying to list all the indictments that Senator Goldwater and Representative Miller have launched at the administration's leaders. Let it be enough to say that President Johnson and Secretary McNamara have been accused of so many crimes against the state that only a formal charge of treason could top the list.

Sometimes Senator Goldwater himself gets bored with lambasting the administration. His vocation lies elsewhere. In Texas he once said: "I refuse to go around the country discussing complicated, twisted issues. I want to talk about freedom." This man is in his own element only when he talks about absolutes unrelated to any concrete conditioning element. "Responsibility," he said in North Carolina, "has shifted from the family to the bureaucrat, from the neighborhood to the

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distant agency. Goals are set, roles are assigned, promises are made—all by the remote control of central government. And now, this same central government has given you a number to replace your name!" Modestly, Senator Goldwater takes upon himself if elected President to rearrange the whole hierarchy of political obligations. To face all our problems, national, international, and otherwise, we must start shifting the main responsibility back to the family. That is probably what he means by freedom. There is no question that he has love for ideas. But it is an unrequited love.

Frequently he says things that, one by one, make sense—consultation with our NATO allies, for instance, "prior to major policy decisions that directly affect their security," or the bad habit of engaging "in bilateral negotiations with the Soviet Union on matters that directly involve the interest and security of our NATO partners." But then he goes on to say that "Our allies, in Europe as well as in Asia, ought to be supporting our efforts" to stem the Communist advance in Asia. An effort to be backed up, he proceeds, "with whatever manpower, equipment, and weaponry it may take." Would he suggest consultation with our allies on how to defoliate the jungle with nuclear weapons?

Invariably, at the end of every list of proposals, either in the conclusions he reaches or in the cumulative impact, there is evidence that his thinking can sound sensible only when in transit toward one of his beloved absolutes. There are quite a number of these home-made absolutes, aside from freedom: war and peace, for instance, and, of all things, reality. The word *real,* invariably underlined, appears very frequently in his speeches and writings: *real* world is one of his favorite expressions. But he doesn't give any help to those who would like to know what his criteria are in bestowing his certificate of reality on anything.

THESE ODDITIES, mildly interesting and certainly not unique, would be of no consequence were it not that Barry Goldwater happens to have aroused an assorted following large enough to have given him the leadership of the opposition and its nomination for the Presidency. As a candidate, he has singularly failed in subjecting the policies, the achievements, the failures of the Democratic administration to that detailed, specific criticism which is the first duty of an opposition leader. He has not proposed alternatives or offered a choice; rather, he has blasted the Democratic administration with such wholesale, indiscriminate aspersions as to leave no room for a choice and to drive what will certainly be a large majority of the nation to support Johnson more out of dread of cataclysmic events than out of the confidence Johnson deserves.

Lyndon Johnson's victory over the antiparty can never be large enough—and not only because of the truly unthinkable consequences his opponent's victory would entail. President Johnson has earned his election because of the steady, unrhetorical, thoroughly professional way in which he has been running the country after an unforgettable tragedy gave him the supreme responsibility of executive power. During his tenure of office, one of the two parties on which our politics rests has collapsed. The nation is fortunate to have such an unsurpassed craftsman of politics at its head just when a major political disaster has occurred.

For the repair job that is demanded, President Johnson and his administration cannot possibly be expected to assume the whole burden. They cannot take over the receivership of the Republican Party, for this task belongs to men like Kenneth Keating, men whose retention of influence in American politics is as essential to the welfare of the nation as is the re-election of President Johnson. Moreover, the defeat of the antiparty, no matter how overwhelming, cannot possibly wipe out Goldwaterism. Enough, even too much of it will be left to keep extremism fashionable. In conquering the G.O.P., the well-organized and disciplined Goldwater activists have exhibited a vigor that can only become embittered and hardened by electoral failure.

Even after this lunatic aberration of American politics has receded and acquired the proportion of a manageable nuisance, things political in our country cannot possibly return to what they were before. Something must have been quite wrong to make this aberration possible, and with such a sudden, broad sweep. There is certainly much more than the queer personality of Barry Goldwater behind the mystical notion of freedom and the messianic appeal to the whole man launched—of all places—from the rostrum of a political convention. Behind him and applauding him there was, and still is, a large, as yet uncounted mass of American citizens. There was also, and still is, a ruthless regional and nation-wide militant apparatus.

For too long a time pragmatic amoralism has been prevailing not just in the politics but in the thinking of our country—the long-ingrained habit of facing and fixing crises as they occur, and let's not worry about the ones of tomorrow, for we'll cross each bridge as we come to it. Whitehead wrote of the fallacy of misplaced concreteness, and misplacement is the right word here, for it connotes systematic absentmindedness. Is it any wonder that in the realm of politics, where that absentmindedness has been assiduously cultivated, we get this outburst of obsessive abstractions, with a not so abstract crowd following on its trail?

GREAT AS OUR confidence in President Johnson is, we cannot possibly ask him to assume responsibility for organizing relief in that disaster area which was the G.O.P., as well as for straightening out the political thinking of the nation. But President Johnson's victory is the one necessary condition for the success of both undertakings. His victory cannot be too great for what he deserves, and what the nation needs.

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The Grenier Plan for the G. O. P.

JERALD TER HORST

WASHINGTON

A NEW bumper sticker was handed around at the farewell party for William B. Prendergast, recently bounced by the Goldwaterites after four years as research director for the Republican National Committee. It read: "Better LBJ than John Grenier." Everyone laughed at the inside joke, but some of the mirth was a little sour.

Things have not been the same at party headquarters since John Grenier moved in as executive director of the National Committee after Barry Goldwater's victory at San Francisco. If Grenier has his way, they will never be the same again. Although he has been active in politics for less than five years, the thirty-three-year-old attorney from Birmingham, Alabama, has already acquired a reputation for toughness and energy. In 1962 he startled the South by his handling of the campaign that nearly unseated Senator Lister Hill of Alabama. He earned the job of second-in-command to the new National Chairman of the Republican Party, Dean Burch, by what is generally acknowledged to have been a brilliant performance as Southern regional director for the Goldwater campaign.

Grenier's political career began in the spring of 1960 when he attended a Young Republican meeting in Birmingham. There were only twelve paid-up members of the club in all Jefferson County, and Grenier rapidly rose to the chairmanship in time to play an active role in Richard Nixon's campaign that fall. The Grenier group set up Republican organizations in every one of Jefferson County's twenty-three precincts, and helped produce a much bigger victory for Nixon than Eisenhower had received in 1956. In June, 1961, Grenier was chosen state chairman of the Alabama Young Republicans and began to build up a personal following, bypassing the old guard Alabama Republicans headed by Claude O. Vardaman, who had been state party chairman for years. By the time of the 1962 state convention, 675 of the 850 delegates were committed to support Grenier for chairman of the G.O.P. state executive committee. In the shake-up that followed, only ten former committee members were retained.

WITH THE party machinery now firmly under his control, Grenier decided to concentrate Republican efforts on the Senate race. He had noted after the May 1 Democratic primary—in which segregationist George Wallace topped a seven-man gubernatorial field—that 143,000 voters hadn't bothered to mark their ballots for the Senate contest won by the moderate incumbent, Lister Hill. Were these nonvoters disenchanted with their senator's performance? "We figured," Grenier told me, "that if we could attract them to our side, we might be able to beat Hill."

It nearly worked. James D. Martin, a businessman from Gadsden, was the Republican candidate. He scored his best points by comparing Hill's Senate record with that of Virginia's Harry F. Byrd, Georgia's Richard B. Russell, and Barry Goldwater. When Martin got through with Hill, Grenier said, "We had him looking like a member of the ADA." The outcome gave Hill the fright of his political life. He won by only 201,937 to 195,134. And Grenier had caught the eye of national party leaders.

Last October, Grenier was chosen by the Draft Goldwater Committee to be its regional director for the eleven Southern states. On the first ballot at San Francisco, those states gave Goldwater 271 out of a possible 279 delegate votes. Two weeks later Grenier was named executive director of the Republican National

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Committee, and a fundamental reorganization of the party command was soon under way. As Grenier took hold, directives began to fly and heads began to roll.

One of his first interoffice orders intensified the suspicion and hostility with which Goldwater and the militants have chosen to treat the press. "Let us *all* resolve," it read, "to minimize the rumor problem as much as possible by not talking to members of the press, either on or off the record, about the activities or appointments of the National Committee." To old hands at the National Committee, this meant only one thing: don't yelp about your demotion or you may be fired altogether. Directly opposite the elevators, a press lounge was installed where newsmen were to wait for the latest releases. Around the corner, on the main door to the Republican Party offices, Grenier made the point even clearer with a sign: "Private—Employees Only." For the first time in reporters' memory, the door to the Republican Party's National Committee offices is locked. Employees have been given keys; outsiders must await an escort to take them inside.

Grenier also issued an order that only pictures of Goldwater and Miller were to be hung on the walls of the party offices. According to one account, Grenier walked into an office and found large portraits of Lincoln and Eisenhower on the walls. "Get those down," he commanded.

"Why?" the offending staff member demanded.

Grenier hesitated, then smiled. "O.K.," he said, "Lincoln can stay. But Grandpop's gotta go."

Later he reconsidered and a clarification memo came out: portraits of Lincoln and Eisenhower would be permitted in Republican headquarters.

The New-Broom Effect

There have been mass demotions and replacements under the Grenier régime. Research Director Prendergast's sin, for example, was not that he was incompetent. In fact, he had been offered a post last year by the Goldwater draft group. He turned it down, however—and they had not forgotten. The Goldwater man who has replaced him is Edward McCabe, a forty-five-year-old Washington attorney and a White House aide in the Eisenhower administration who accepted the Goldwater research job last fall after Prendergast's refusal. Every key policy post in the Republican party structure has now been taken over by a Goldwater man. Most of those who gained distinction in party service during the Eisenhower-Nixon years either have been purged or have been shunted to less important work. Albert B. (Ab) Hermann, former director of campaign organization, is now an assistant to Party Chairman Burch. His task: answering mail. Hermann, a New Jersey man and thus a member of the "Eastern Establishment" that is viewed with so much alarm by Goldwater conservatives, had been an important party strategist since 1951. But apparently the Goldwaterites were uncertain about his loyalty, if for no other reason than that he had widespread contacts with regular party men in the field. In Hermann's place, the Goldwater hierarchy has selected Wayne J. Hood, a fifty-one-year-old Wisconsin industrialist and early Goldwater supporter, who was executive director of the National Committee in the 1952 campaign after the peace treaty between Eisenhower and the Taft conservatives. He is the No. 3 man, after Burch and Grenier.

It is more difficult to understand the demotion given I. Lee Potter, a Virginian and Goldwater booster who for seven years ran Operation Dixie, a much-touted effort to build Republicanism in the South that was begun under President Eisenhower in 1957. Potter did a good job on a small budget, but that was not enough for the militant Goldwaterites. There was no place for Operation Dixie in the G.O.P. reorganization, which has made the South merely one of seven national regions. The new Southern regional director is Sam V. Claiborne, a member of the Tennessee House of Representatives who ran the Goldwater for President drive in the state and who is considered a Grenier protégé. Although Potter is still the Republican National Committeeman from Virginia—and ostensibly one of Grenier's employers—he has been relegated to the job of scheduling trips for Nixon and Eisenhower. His office is tucked away behind the third-floor men's room at 1025 Connecticut Avenue, two blocks from headquarters.

Of the twenty national officers of the old Goldwater for President Committee, almost all have moved into key spots in either the National Committee or the Citizens for Goldwater-Miller Committee. Among them are Denison Kitchel, a close friend of Goldwater's, his campaign chief and liaison with National Chairman Burch; Jeremiah Milbank, assistant treasurer of the Goldwater group before the convention; James Harff, head of Youth for Goldwater-Miller; Tony Smith, once Goldwater's press secretary, now a personal adviser; and Mrs. Emory Johnson, formerly director of Goldwater's women's division, now a special assistant to Burch.

To handle fund-raising, Grenier has installed a two-man team that played a major role in the pre-convention campaign for Goldwater. J. William Middendorf II, a New York stockbroker who lives in Connecticut, has been named treasurer of the National Committee. Frank J. Kovac, a Standard Oil executive from Ohio, is the party's new finance director. Kovac served on the Republican Finance Committee from 1961 to 1963, and was one of the more prominent solicitors of funds for the Goldwater organization for eighteen months. Grenier points to Kovac, among others, in answering the charge that he is replacing experienced party professionals with eager newcomers distinguished mainly for their devotion to Goldwater and militant conservatism.

PERSONNEL CHANGES are not unusual after a new Presidential candidate has been selected. Of far more importance is the complete overhaul of the Republican organization that has come to be known as the Grenier Plan. The plan has two primary features. One is the establishment of a clear line of authority not unlike a military table of organization. The functions of policymaking and finance have been separated from public relations, advertising, political education, and organizing. A small staff of tough-minded political leaders now hands

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down the official line. The other feature, one that is of more concern to Republican regulars around the country, has to do with the activities of the volunteer Citizens for Goldwater-Miller organization.

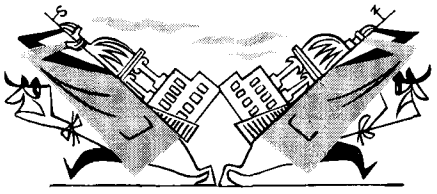
Traditionally, volunteer groups come into play only during the campaign period and are disbanded after the election. Their job is to supplement the efforts of regular party workers and to seek the support of independent voters and sympathetic members of the opposing party. The Citizens for Goldwater-Miller group, however, seems designed for a far broader role. Its organization chart closely parallels or duplicates that of regular party organizations in the states. Its staff, under an executive director, F. Clifton White, who was co-ordinator of field operations for the Goldwater movement before the convention, consists of early Goldwater backers and conservative business and professional men. Its leadership and policies are closely linked to the Goldwater top command.

White concedes that there is "a lot of parallelism" between the Citizens group and the official party structure. For example, the Grenier Plan's seven regional groups each has a director responsible to the National Committee. The Citizens organization employs the identical setup, except that its regional directors report to White. Thus, according to Tom Van Sickle, director of field organization for the volunteers, they are in a position to supplant the regular party structure "wherever the state chairmen aren't quite with it." One of the virtues of the movement, White pointed out, is its "single track" devotion to Goldwater. White added: "We need more conservatives than the Republican Party has."

The Hard Cell

The Citizens organization is thus tailor-made to supplant or infiltrate the regular Republican Party units in states, counties, or cities where the militant conservatives do not now run the show, or where fealty to the Goldwater cause is questioned by Grenier and the other commanders in Washington. It is all quite reminiscent of *How to Win an Election,* the campaign manual for conservatives written by Stephen Shadegg, the Grenier Plan's regional director for the Western states. Shadegg devotes an entire chapter to the art of taking over Republican organizations by applying Mao Tse-tung's doctrine on infiltration: "Give me just two or three men in a village and I will take the village." Shadegg describes a "cell group" operation by "enthusiastic, knowledgeable Goldwater supporters . . . . able to infiltrate centers of opposition support, keep us informed of opposition tactics, disseminate information, enlist other supporters and to do all these things completely unnoticed by the opposition."

The activities of the Citizens group, however, have not gone entirely unnoticed. "This is a matter of real concern to me," John B. Martin, Jr., a Republican National Committee member from Michigan since the Eisenhower days, told me. And the division seems to run pretty



deep in places like Michigan. Martin, whom the Goldwater faction had tried to oust during a Michigan caucus at San Francisco, attended the Republican regional meeting held by Grenier in Indianapolis in September and came away with further misgivings over the new look in his party. Back home he found Charles Sligh, former president of the National Association of Manufacturers and a Citizens group leader, busily siphoning off money and manpower needed for the re-election campaign of Governor George Romney, who has not endorsed the Goldwater-Miller ticket.

In New York, where Senator Kenneth Keating is running apart from the Goldwater-Miller ticket, the Grenier Plan has distressed many Republican leaders, including George Hinman, the New York State National Committeeman. "Apparently anybody with an ounce of moderation in Washington headquarters is now without virtue," commented one Rockefeller aide, paraphrasing Goldwater's line at the Cow Palace. Another New York G.O.P. leader declared that the Citizens movement (co-directed by Clare Boothe Luce and General James Doolittle) "has all the earmarks of a fifth column." They call themselves volunteers, but there would seem to be a distinct possibility that they will be the party professionals of the post-election period.

Grenier himself has been quite blunt about his intentions. "Certainly we want to take control of the party," he told me recently, and he wants to keep control, too. Since the 1952 election the Republican Party has lost fourteen governorships, forty-three seats in the House, fifteen in the Senate, and probably eight hundred to nine hundred seats in state legislatures around the country. Yet Grenier and his militants face the loss of even more seats with equanimity—when moderate Republicans are involved. Many of these moderates in Congress have experienced a financial pinch and are not getting the help they need from the party. In Maryland, former Republican State Chairman David Scull, who supported Scranton at San Francisco, has encountered a serious money shortage in his campaign for an at-large seat in the House. Scranton's recantation has not helped Scull. In Grenier's view, no man is purged unless he shows by deed and word that he is solidly behind Goldwater.

AT A NEWS CONFERENCE September 14, White attempted to allay growing suspicions that the Citizens organization intends to take over the party and keep control of it in non-Goldwater areas. He told reporters that state Republican leaders had been assured that the Citizens group would be disbanded immediately after the election. Many Republicans consider this assurance just so much eyewash and are preparing for a post-election battle that may be more far-reaching in its way than the election itself. These regulars are convinced that too much money, energy, and determination have gone into the Citizens movement for it to vanish on November 4.

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Senator Goldwater And the Negro

MEG GREENFIELD

In the good old days of American politics, the issue of civil rights followed a familiar quadrennial pattern. The Republicans would charge the Democrats with hypocrisy, the Democrats would war among themselves, and one particular speech would be faithfully repeated at each of their conventions. That was the one in which the distinguished Northern speaker, having enumerated every expedient reason imaginable for supporting a strong civil-rights plank, would say in conclusion that there was one more reason to be mentioned. "And that," he would bellow, "is because it is right!" At this point, the approving delegates could always be counted upon to start ringing their cowbells and blowing their foghorns in evidence of their moral sensibility.

It is a measure of the oddity of this year's campaign that while there is more talk than ever about the need to look into one's heart and one's conscience on these matters, there seems to be some doubt as to what one is meant to find when one looks there. "In your heart, you know he's right"—what does it mean? For all their joshing about it, the Democrats were more than a little discomfited by the likeness of Barry Goldwater beaming down upon them in Atlantic City through his cryptic message to the American people. "In your heart, you know he's white," one sour variation of it ran. Whether or not the jokes were fair is hard to judge; there is still disagreement about what the senator is trying to say on the subject of race relations and its intended effect upon his audience.

In the September issue of *Fair Comment,* the quarterly publication of the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, Goldwater was granted bipartisan absolution. "Though some suspect a wink to the racists every time Mr. Goldwater speaks," the statement read, "to date he has done nothing to inflame an issue whose exploitation might indeed be to his advantage." Others disagree. "It seemed to me," Roy Wilkins said in an emotional interview one evening in San Francisco, "that in this not-so-subtle way the Goldwater faction was pointing to the Negro as a switchblade criminal. I think it's God-damned unfair." More recently, New Jersey's Republican Senator Clifford P. Case publicly complained that Republican strategy seemed to be based on a "sordid" appeal to white revulsion against the civil-rights movement.

To some extent the variety of opinions is understandable, given the ambiguous and emblematic way in which politicians traditionally discuss the problems of white and black —"states' rights" versus "civil rights," the "people of the South" as distinct from "Americans whatever their race, color, creed, or national origin." It is a curious code, and one to which Goldwater has certainly made his contributions—the mugging-of-your-mother business being an example.

Similarly, throughout the proceedings in San Francisco a peculiar attunement seemed to exist between the speakers and the audience on questions pertaining to race. To be sure, there were cheers when the candidate told the Platform Committee that he disapproved of racial discrimination, and there was no charge so wounding to the delegates as that of racism—latent or explicit —in the spirit of the convention. Yet there was more than the specter of the switchblade to be accounted for or the little nod to "inverse discrimination" in the platform. What, for instance, was the purpose of Alabaman James D. Martin's being trotted around by John Grenier, new executive director of the National Committee, and shown off to Northern delegates as the man who had nearly defeated Democratic Senator Lister Hill? "He told us," an Illinois delegate explained, "that you didn't have to be a racist or talk about segregation. He said that at no time had he ever used appeals to race." True, Martin had campaigned on "other" issues. He had deplored, for example, "Bobby Kennedy tearing around like a predator at the constitution of Mississippi and the registration laws of Alabama."

Operation Wishy-Wash

There seems to be as much confusion over the way in which Republican policy on all this has been developing as there is on the matter of its precise definition. Along with the pre-convention leaders in the National Committee, Goldwater has evidently been responding over the past few years to what looked to be a good Republican opportunity in the South, but their responses have not been particularly orderly, being made pretty much on a day-to-day basis. For a while, after Nixon's defeat in 1960, there was a certain amount of pulling and hauling within the National Committee between those who subscribed to the so-called Bliss report urging increased concentration on the big-city minority vote and those who favored channeling money and attention into what was known as Operation Dixie. Although it soon became apparent that the latter project had priority with Chairman Miller, from time to time under pressure the committee would make a spasmodic move in the other direction. One of these was Miller's sudden announcement of the reconstitution of the Minorities Division, which he had all but abolished. Another was the publication of one of the saddest comic documents on the political scene—a pamphlet entitled "Who Is George Lewis?," which was meant to be a rejoinder to a Democratic listing of important Negro government appointees. Lewis, it turned out, was the librarian at the Republican National Committee offices; he and a collection of other Negro employees there—many of them on the mailroom staff—were lavishly photographed and more lavishly characterized. "Electronics," for example, was the job description given to a Flexo-writer operator.

For at least the past year, however —especially with the introduction of the so-called backlash as an issue in

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the North—it has been pretty clear in which direction both the Republican National Committee and the candidate it expected to be nominated were moving. Except for a brief period in June when memos flew on the subject of whether the senator might have nothing to lose by voting for the civil-rights bill, the line continued to harden. Shortly after Lyndon Johnson took office, for instance, when it was still thought that he would have inordinate difficulty rallying Negro, labor, and liberal voters, a pamphlet was drawn up and even reached the layout stage, depicting Johnson's record on civil rights as one of bigotry. Suddenly and mysteriously, it was abandoned. Looking back on his three years as special counsel to the chairman, Grant Reynolds, who has recently resigned, considers that he and the few other Negroes in high places were functioning largely as "a front." "Certainly in the past year," he told me, "the operation was simply window dressing."

The Phantom in Barry's Woodpile

Since San Francisco, of course, the whole question of race relations has been discussed both directly and obliquely by Goldwater in terms of an appeal for law and order. Within this ample framework, he has ambitiously included the teen-age spree, the Supreme Court's dereliction, the sit-in, and the back-alley stabbing. Moreover, he has habitually combined his attacks on those who have contempt for the law with attacks of his own on particular laws and on the courts that have upheld them; and none of this has made the job of his interpreters any easier. Still, it is possible to distinguish two separate points the senator is making. The first is something in the nature of a proposed solution to racial injustice. "No matter how we try," he has said, "we cannot pass a law that will make you like me or me like you." What he seems to be getting at is a change of venue for the problem—out of the streets and out of the courts and into the hearts, the heart having become that level of local government closest of all to the people. Thus: "We can do this job in our cities, and most importantly, in our hearts. . . ." Despite certain anarchical implications in all this that sit ill with a passion for law and order, it is a familiar and even respectable argument. The other part of the message he has been propounding is something else again.

Although the notion of switchblades, Negro criminality, and urban squalor as a single national issue had been lying around in old David Lawrence columns for years, it was relatively new to Republican national politics when it was introduced and orchestrated into the 1964 convention; and there can be no doubt that Goldwater has been plucking the strings even louder as the campaign has worn on. He has, for example, made much of Washington's crime rate ("a city embattled, plagued by lawlessness, haunted by fears"). To the extent that it involves Negro crime, it is a subject that has long enjoyed a certain cachet among segregationists, even though the District ranks only thirteenth in its crime rate among the nation's twenty-six largest metropolitan areas. Again, Goldwater has managed to mix up violence and petty crime with orderly civil-rights demonstrations—all, it would seem, to one end. He opened his campaign officially in Prescott, Arizona, with a montage of "mobs in the street," "our women" feeling "unsafe on our streets," and civil-rights demonstrations that involve "breaching" local laws. And although it thus began as a simple association of all sorts of violators with one another, by the time the senator had reached Minneapolis in mid-September, it had become one (symbolic) Negro and one (all-purpose) crime. He said: "The violence of the street will grow, I fear, until there is a leadership in this land that will demand respect for law. The violence will grow until Americans know that conscience and heart, not laws and conflict, are the answer. I charge with a sincerely heavy heart that the more the Federal government has attempted to legislate morality, the more it actually has incited hatreds and violence."

Who Gets the Fear Vote?

At the time of Goldwater's nomination, it was known in Washington that he had made some sort of commitment to Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen to keep the Civil Rights Act as such out of the campaign. What prompted him, then, to go so far in his Minneapolis remarks? Was he capitalizing on a growing white hostility to the Negro, or was he trying to revive a flagging issue?

Admittedly, the white backlash is a treacherous subject to poll, but statistics do indicate that the issue is receding as others tend to supersede it. The White House, for instance, has on hand a breakdown of voters into the "slightly," "moderately," and "strongly" prejudiced, a poll answered by secret ballot and taken on the basis of what are called "rather this, rather that" questions designed to avoid untrue answers. In one border state, the results show that more than eighty per cent of Democratic voters have some degree of anti-civil-rights feeling. Of these, however, only about twelve per cent show up in the "strongly" class, and apparently less than half of them feel strongly enough to switch parties in November. In other words, although there may be an enormous potential of feeling in the country, only a small number of the voters are fighting mad, and fewer still are mad enough to switch. Immediately following the riots in Philadelphia, for example, the polls are said to have shown that in the city itself and in the surrounding suburbs it was still Johnson by about seventy per cent to Goldwater's twenty-five per cent. In some cases voters who feel strongly on this issue happen to feel even more strongly on another—economic well-being or matters of war and peace. Again, while some deplore the whole racial situation, they are persuaded that Goldwater's election would only make it worse.

At this stage of the campaign, there could still be time for Senator Goldwater somehow to associate what people profess to approve (Negro voting rights, equal job opportunity, and so on) with what they most assuredly fear (crime, violence, and rioting in the streets). For this reason, presumably, President Johnson has been at pains in his public pronouncements to separate the two orders of activity. It is to his advantage to keep the public, so to speak, discriminating. For Senator Goldwater, on the other hand, the problem seems to be one of integrating the issue. He is making quite a try.

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The William Miller Problem

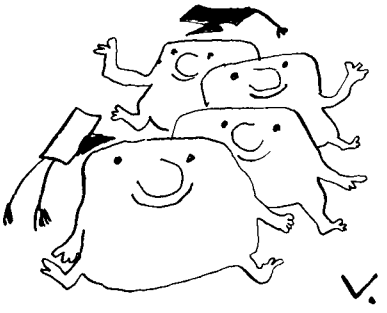
WILLIAM LEE MILLER

SOME PEOPLE claim they'll move to Labrador if Senator Goldwater is elected, but I plan to clear out if the Republican candidate for Vice-President is elected. I have enough trouble with people named William Miller already, and I don't like to think about one of them being just a heartbeat away from the Presidency.

An article about Congressman William E. Miller appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* shortly after the Republican convention said of him: "Outside the party Miller is little known, nor is even his name distinctive. (There are more than twenty William Millers in the San Francisco phone book.)" While I do not object to most other slurs on this particular William Miller, it seems to me that sneering at the non-distinctiveness of his name is hitting below the belt.

I doubt very much, furthermore, that the *Post* writer can count. Just "more than 20" William Millers sounds mighty skimpy to me for a city of San Francisco's size and sophistication. I picked up the Chicago directory the other day and counted "Miller, Wm." nineteen times before I even started on "Miller, Wm. A." If one proceeds through "Miller, Wm. B." and "Miller, Wm. C." all the way to the end ("Miller, Wm. V."), one has a cool ninety William Millers in metropolitan Chicago alone (counting one "Miller, Wm., Jr.," but leaving out Willies). There are six with the Vice-Presidential Miller's own—so to speak—personal name, William E. Miller; and one Chicago man has exactly the candidate's whole name, William Edward Miller. Actually, considering its size, Chicago might be expected to do better. Philadelphia's directory lists one hundred and two William Millers, being particularly strong on "Miller, Wm. J."; Detroit has an even one hundred William Millers, Manhattan sixty, and the nation's capital twenty-one. It is clear that these urban areas are crawling with William Millers, but impressionistic evidence leads me to believe that there is an even higher concentration in the suburbs. In fact, the Republicans may have hit on something with this nomination; we William Millers, after all, are what political scientists call a latent pressure group.

There are twelve William Millers in the current *Who's Who in America,* running from William Christian Miller, investment banker, b. N.Y.C., through to William Whipple Miller, lawyer, indsl. relations exec., b. Chgo. They include a U.S. dist. judge in Tennessee and a fgn. service officer. (There are two William Millers in the United States Information Agency: William Miller USIA IAN and William Miller USIA IOP/G. These fellows might



as well dispense with the mockery of a name and go entirely to initials.) Various reference books also list an imposing array of academic William Millers—a professor of speech at the University of Nevada, a mathematician from Purdue, an art historian at Colby College, the head of the French department at Miami University in Ohio, and the president of Weber College in Ogden, Utah. The executive secretary of the Irving Park Branch of the YMCA in Chicago is named William Miller, and so is the owner and operator of the Central Oregon Pumice Co., in Bend, Oregon—a man who is also a former mayor of Bend. One combatant in the recent border skirmish between Iowa and Nebraska was described by *Newsweek* as "Gnarled, feisty old William H. Miller . . . of Blair, Neb." There is a William Miller who is a lawyer and ins. co. ofcl. in Los Angeles, one who wrote a widely sold paperback called *A New History of the United States,* and another—William Robert Miller—who is an editor of religious books and the author of a recent book on nonviolence. The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Youngstown, Ohio, is William Miller. And of course we must also take into account the William Miller who began to preach in the 1830's that the present world would end "about the year 1843" and who thereby founded the Millerites—not to be confused, despite superficial resemblance, with the Birchites.

IF THE Democrats had tried to balance the Republicans' bid for the Bill Miller vote, they would have chosen, I believe, William (Fishbait) Miller, the long-time doorkeeper of the House of Representatives who attends the Democratic conventions every quadrennium and announces things in what is always called a stentorian voice. They might, of course, have preferred the William Miller who collaborated on the book *The Age of Enterprise* and who lives in Ridgefield, Connecticut. Incidentally, I live in New Haven, Connecticut, just around the corner from the William Miller who is a fireman, but last winter several people who had apparently been invited to dinner by the Ridgefield Bill Miller turned up instead at my house; they were nice enough people, but the conversation was confusing.

I sometimes wonder what the William Miller who is, or was, chief editorial writer for the New York *Herald Tribune* thinks about all this. I suppose he may be presumed to be—like the William Miller who's in the headlines these days, but of course in a more moderate way—a Republican. The *Trib* man either is or is not the same William Miller who is, or was, a writer for *Life.* At any rate, the *Life* William Miller was once described to me—such is the desperation of those who know several William Millers—as "the fat Bill Miller who looks like Thomas Wolfe." I'd rather not know what people may be saying to identify me.

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What We Got For Pampering Sukarno

DENIS WARNER

DJAKARTA

FOR THE PAST nineteen years, August 17 has always been Sukarno's day. On August 17, 1945, he read Indonesia's Proclamation of Independence, and on each anniversary, but especially since he acquired absolute power in 1959, he has used the occasion to make a sort of State of the Universe oration. To give it a less pretentious name would be to underestimate its tone and its importance in Indonesian life today. This year's speech was even more significant than most, though it was largely ignored by the U.S. press.

As Sukarno himself puts it, on these occasions he seeks guidance from "the raving inspiration of history" to chart the new course of the Indonesian revolution. "I use the podium as a place for a dialogue between Sukarno the man and Sukarno the Great Leader of the Revolution and the people of Indonesia, who are carrying on the revolution," he said. "I even give a picture of the struggle of mankind." He did not exaggerate.

This year's oration, "A Year of Living Dangerously," set the theme for Indonesia's immediate future. In a land of slogans, the title has now been shortened to its Indonesian initials, TAVIP. Already in the name of TAVIP Indonesia has established full diplomatic relations with North Vietnam; dropped paratroopers into Malaya; brought Njoto, the forty-one-year-old Communist newspaper editor and third-ranking member in the party hierarchy, into the inner cabinet as minister attached to the presidium; and dispatched a fleet to the Sunda Strait between Java and Sumatra to stand in the way of a British aircraft carrier and five destroyers en route from Australian waters to Singapore.

In a busy month of dangerous living, the naval maneuver was the most dangerous of all. The crisis made few headlines, but for two days those in the know held their breath before Whitehall, which had been advised that the ships would be sunk, decided to avoid the imminent possibility of war by diverting the ships through the Lombok Strait.

BY ANY STANDARDS, "A Year of Living Dangerously" was a *tour de force*. Twenty-one thousand words long, it took three hours to deliver to an audience said to total a million that had gathered in front of Sukarno's palace in the broiling midmorning Djakarta sun. "The Indonesian revolution has become a rocky mountain shooting fire amidst the ocean of mankind's struggle to build a new world without exploitation of man by man, without exploitation of nation by nation," he said. In revolutionary counterpoint, an hour or two before the speech began, the Indonesian navy landed fifty soldiers and guerrillas on the west coast of Malaya, thus striking for the first time since the Indonesians began what they called "confrontation" against the heartland of Malaysia, which Sukarno has promised to crush.

Nine years ago, at the Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung, which Sukarno had sponsored, he counseled restraint. "The people of Asia and Africa cannot indulge in power politics," he said then. "Diplomacy is not a matter of the big stick. What can we do? We can do much. We can inject the voice of reason into world affairs. We can demonstrate to the majority of the world that lives on other continents that we, the majority, are for peace, not for war."

TAVIP brought an entirely different sort of message. Sukarno invited three other Asian leaders to hear it pronounced: Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia; Truong Chinh, Ho Chi Minh's heir presumptive in North Vietnam and leader of the pro-Chinese faction there; and Kim Il Sung, the Communist boss of North Korea. The speech made Sukarno's final break with the West, apparent for so long, official. A revolution must have friends and foes, he insisted, and a clear dividing line must be drawn between them. The revolution had internal and external friends and foes, and it was "a duty to attack and to destroy every power, whether foreign or not, native or not, endangering the security and the continuation of the revolution."

In terms that scarcely even bothered to paraphrase Mao, he described how he had dealt with right-wing political and press opposition at home. Then he added: "Mao Tse-tung has a motto, 'Let a hundred flowers bloom together.' Here I have a motto, 'Let all flowers bloom together in the flower garden of Indo-

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nesia, I said all flowers, not elephant grass, not weeds. . . ." The meaning was not lost on his Indonesian audience, which knew what has happened to such specimens of "elephant grass" as the Socialist Party leader Sutan Sjahrir, one of the authentic heroes of the Indonesian struggle for independence, who has been imprisoned without trial for six years, and to Mochtar Lubis, a distinguished journalist, who has been imprisoned for an even longer period, and to many others.

'Go to Hell with Your Aid'

No one has had any real doubt where Sukarno's international sympathies lie, but a few frayed strands of his nonalignment remained. One by one he slashed them through, pouring out his contempt for the nations of the West. "Now, in this age of the universal revolution of man, they have nobody. They do not have prominent leaders. They do not possess great men with concepts. They do not have a Leader with a capital 'L.' They do not have a 'conceptor' whose voice is worth listening to by all mankind, of all races, colors, and creeds. In the past I used to regard America as the center of an idea. Now I can no longer. . . ."

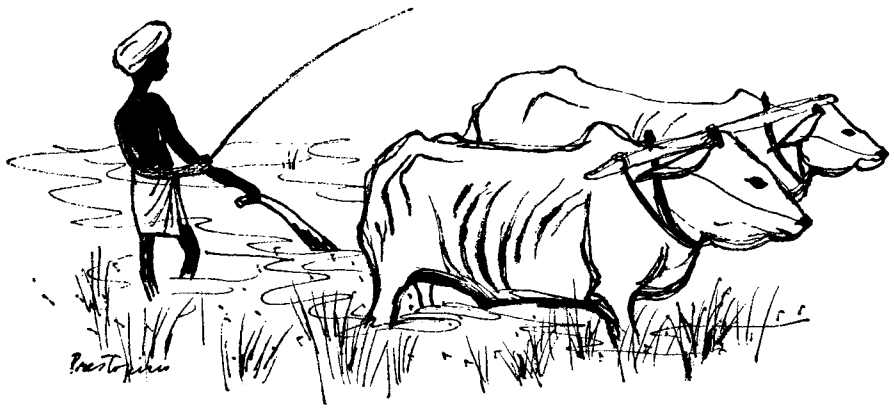
A minute or so later he discovered his Leader with the capital "L." "I am pleased," he said, "to know that our opponents are right now all cocking their ears to listen to what the Great Leader of the Indonesian Revolution is saying today."

He listed his comrades-in-arms: Mrs. Bandaranaike of Ceylon, Ayub Khan in Pakistan, Macapagal in the Philippines, and Ho Chi Minh, Mao Tse-tung, Kim Il Sung, and Norodom Sihanouk. "Today I am announcing to the whole world that no evil spirit, no djinni, no devil can prevent Korea, Vietnam, Cambodia, and Indonesia from becoming friends and uniting in the march toward a new world without exploitation of man by man."

And who are the exploiters? None other than the old established forces, the imperialists, the Dutch, the British, the French, and the Americans. Sukarno made no distinction between Dutch colonialism in Indonesia and American efforts in Korea and Vietnam. He condemned U.S. "aggression" against North Vietnam and predicted that in South Vietnam the Americans would meet the same fate as the French.

By the time he was through he had lined himself up against the United States on almost every international issue of consequence. He said he had seen with his own eyes how a big imperialist country (the United States) tried to intimidate the government of small Cambodia and make every effort to subdue it. Turning to Prince Sihanouk, he said: "But truly this prince of ours is a great patriot prince. He too, like ourselves, accepts the imperialists' challenge, saying 'Go to hell with your aid.' "

In Laos the imperialists were "trampling on the Geneva Agreement just as they liked, as if there were no norms any longer in international relations, as if there were no rules any longer, as if there were no morals. Or is it that the morals of imperialism are like that?" He sneered at the "lackeys of imperialism" and reminded Prime Minister Tengku Abdul Rahman of Malaysia about the fates of Syngman Rhee and Ngo Dinh Diem, who were "sacrificed" by their "masters." And so it went—on and on and on.



Undoubtedly much of what Sukarno said was said in pique. Only four days before his speech the U.S. Senate had moved to ban all further aid to Indonesia. But if it began as pique it became policy—policy and also prediction. For next Sukarno went on to forecast that the "tricks" of the imperialists in Cuba, Brazil, the Congo, and Southeast Asia would be swept away on the mainstream of history. "I warn the imperialists from whatever quarter: hands off the territory of the Republic of Indonesia, hands off. The government of Indonesia will not allow the enemy's foot to step upon the Indonesian *banteng* [the bull, a symbol of strength]. Elsewhere, you already cannot cope with the peoples who defend their country. This would be all the more true if you had to face the 103,000,000 Indonesian people, who have the spirit of the *banteng*, and if you had to face the Indonesian navy, the air force, the army, and the police—the strongest in Southeast Asia and aflame with patriotism."

Two Fronts, One War

Sukarno's direct military intervention in Malaya, which Indonesia recognized in 1957 and with which it had had no serious quarrel until Malaysia was conceived last year, set in motion an immediate buildup of British air and naval strength in Southeast Asia. The British ducked the Sunda Strait challenge partly because they wanted to avoid appearing provocative on the eve of the United Nations Security Council hearings of Malaysia's complaint of aggression against Indonesia, and partly because they were not ready for a showdown. Now, however, with a regiment of anti-aircraft gunners flown in from NATO duty in Germany and deployed around strategic airfields in Singapore and Malaya, and with additional bomber and naval forces available, Britain is ready to hit back hard if paratroop or naval landings are repeated in Malaya, or if the eleven battalions of Indonesian troops stationed along the Malaysian Borneo borders step up guerrilla

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actions in the jungles of Sabah and Sarawak.

Most western observers in Djakarta believe that neither Sukarno nor the men around him want a war they could not win without direct Soviet or Chinese support—which they are not likely to get. They predict increased tension and noise, with more subtle Indonesian action directed against Malaysia but stopping short of the provocation that would invite heavy British retaliation.

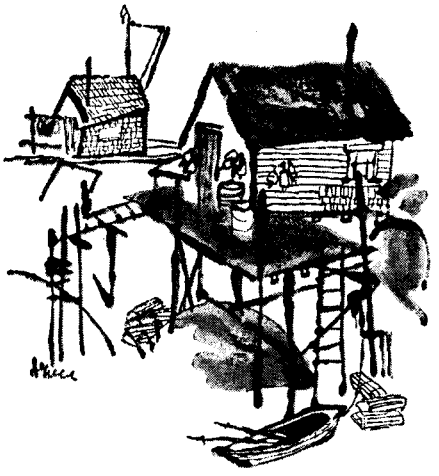
The assumption that prudence does still have some part to play in determining Djakarta's tactics seems justified. Indonesia's defense minister, General A. H. Nasution, said publicly that Indonesia did not intend to push "confrontation" into open war. Plans to proclaim a state of emergency in various parts of the country and to ban all unauthorized demonstrations and boycotts have deprived the Communists of one of their principal weapons. A boycott of Pan American Airways was lifted at bayonet point, and police cordons in Djakarta and Surabaya promptly and efficiently kept hostile demonstrators from marching when they tried to gather around U.S. embassy and consulate buildings.

YET TAVIP has carried Sukarno many stages along the road that U.S. Ambassador Howard P. Jones has worked hard to make him bypass. Although both Aidit and Lukman, the two senior members of the Indonesian Communist Party, have served as ministers without portfolio for some time, their role has been only nominal. But Njoto's new appointment moves a Communist close to the policy-formulating ranks of the inner cabinet. Sukarno's NASAKOM (nationalist, religious, and Communist) cabinet is all but a reality. The Communists have made their biggest political breakthrough to date, and have also succeeded in having the United States listed officially as the leading and therefore most dangerous imperialist.

In the course of his TAVIP speech, Sukarno referred both to his belief in God and to his belief in Marxism ("I know a science which is efficacious, namely Marxism"). And after Njoto's appointment, the Communist Party announced that it fully accepted the Five Principles of Pantjasila, the state ideology, which includes belief in God. Aidit, who is chairman of the central committee, said it was an undeniable fact that most Indonesians are religious, and to deny this reality would be contrary to the teaching of Marx.

Any gap between Sukarno, who believes in God and regards Marxism as an efficacious science, and the Communists, who believe in Marxism and accept religion as an essential part of the Indonesian way of life, is now clearly bridgeable. In domestic affairs, Aidit has already pledged full co-operation "so that I will be better able to become a good aide to President Sukarno." In international affairs, their policies, always close, are now all but inseparable. Like Sihanouk of Cambodia, Sukarno believes that the United States will lose in Southeast Asia, and he has cast his lot with what he expects to be the winning side.

An unexpressed fear of China has a part to play in this, but the fear now only lends urgency to what even



some of the staunchest anti-Communists in the military see as a need to eliminate the western military presence in Southeast Asia as quickly as possible lest it serve as a cause for friction and tension that might involve Peking. At all costs, the meeting of Indonesia and China in Southeast Asia must be on mutually satisfactory terms—not a clash of giants but a linking of powers sufficiently like-minded to find it easy to coexist.

It is difficult to doubt that Sukarno was right in predicting a year of living dangerously. The dangers are mounting daily for all who are concerned with Southeast Asia. These dangers increased with the Soviet veto of the mild Security Council resolution that did not condemn but merely deplored the Indonesian aggression against Malaysia. Indonesia has established in the Security Council that it can commit, and admit to, aggression against a small western-oriented Asian neighbor and get away with it.

THE RUSSIANS are caught between their disenchantment with many developments in Indonesia and the need to keep one revolutionary step ahead of the Chinese. The Russians were especially angry when the Chinese, at the preparatory conference for the second Afro-Asian Conference in Djakarta, blocked their attendance at the full conference to be held in Africa next year. They were also annoyed at Indonesia's failure to press their claim. They are even more concerned with the Indonesian Communist Party's international policies, which parallel Peking's. But their more than billion-dollar military-aid program to Indonesia has kept them a jump ahead of the Chinese in the armed forces, and Anastas Mikoyan made a hit during his visit this year when he revealed that Russian officers had been waiting in Surabaya to invade West New Guinea with the Indonesians.

Trying to keep up with the Russians, the Peking *People's Daily* on September 10 linked the Malaysian and Vietnamese crises as joint struggles against U.S. imperialism. Malaysia, it said, was set up to oppose China as well as Indonesia, and the struggle to crush it was shared by the Chinese and Indonesian people. "If U.S. imperialism dares to launch aggression against Indonesia," the paper added, "the Chinese will back the Indonesian people with all their might until U.S. imperialism is thoroughly defeated."

Soviet hints and Chinese threats need not be taken too seriously. In both Peking and Moscow these days, it is important to know not only what is said but to whom it is addressed. Nevertheless, an inescapable fact of life for the United States and Britain in Southeast Asia is that their once separate problems in Vietnam and Malaysia are rapidly converging.

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The Gun Law That Didn't Go Off

ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW

AMONG the news items given out to a shocked nation following the assassination of President Kennedy was the fact that Lee Harvey Oswald had purchased his weapon, a 6.5-mm Italian carbine, from a Chicago mail-order house under an assumed name. The rifle was sent, no questions asked, to one "A. Hidell," in care of a post-office box in Dallas. The transaction was routine in the mail-order trade; about one million guns are sold the same way each year.

At the same time, a bill was pending in Congress to tighten regulation of the rapidly expanding mail-order business in guns. By the ordinary rules of the game, the events in Dallas should have ensured prompt enactment, just as the news of Thalidomide-deformed babies had provided the long-needed impetus for passage of stricter drug regulations in 1962. But Congress did not act—a testimonial to the deadly aim of the shooting lobby.

Two existing statutes presumably deal with the gun traffic. Both were passed in reaction to the gangsterism of the prohibition era. But because of limited coverage, problems of proof, and various other quirks, they have had a negligible impact on the increasing gun traffic.

The investigation of the mail-order traffic in guns began in 1961 under the auspices of the Juvenile Delinquency subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Engaged in a study of the rising crime rate among youth, the subcommittee became aware of the increasing use of inexpensive, usually foreign-made guns in juvenile crimes.

For more than two years the subcommittee, headed by Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D., Connecticut), investigated this gun traffic. In addition to many examples of murders committed with mail-order guns, the subcommittee found that twenty-five per cent of the mail-order guns sent to the District of Columbia went to recipients with criminal records. The police chiefs of Atlanta, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, Boston, and Pittsburgh told the subcommittee that the figures for the nation's capital would apply to their own cities as well. It found that any juvenile, any disturbed person, any criminal, or anyone else who does not want to attract local attention could simply answer any of the myriad ads placed by the several hundred mail-order houses in the one hundred-odd national and regional magazines that appeal to gun enthusiasts. ("Now the World's Finest Pocket Pistol Can Be Yours!"; "New Amazing Ball Point Pen Gun . . . Writes like a ballpoint pen, BUT cleverly built into the other end is a .22 caliber pistol, only $4.95"; "Submachine Gun for Father's Day?")

On August 2, 1963, Dodd and four co-sponsors introduced a bill requiring purchasers of mail-order guns to submit to the seller a sworn affidavit that they are over eighteen, have not been convicted or indicted for a felony, and that it is not against local law to purchase a gun. The statement would then be forwarded by the mail-order houses to local police officials. For tactical reasons, at first the bill covered only pistols and revolvers; the sponsors hoped to neutralize the hunting interests. It had been carefully worked out in a series of behind-the-scenes meetings with representatives of the gun industry, government agencies, the National Rifle Association (NRA), and sports-magazine editors, who gave the bill their blessings. But after the assassination in Dallas, with the approval of the NRA representatives, rifles and shotguns were brought under the coverage of the bill. The sponsors did not claim the Dodd bill would have prevented the assassination or that it would be foolproof. They did argue that it would have a substantial impact on mail-order sales to juveniles and those who seek guns illegally.

A Mixed Bag

Because the bill was based on the government's power to regulate interstate commerce, it was referred to the Senate Commerce Committee. The committee has many members from old frontier and hunting states, and nine of the seventeen senators are up for re-election this year. They soon found themselves under the sort of political pressure that no politician can ignore.

On the alert against any legislation to tighten control over gun ownership, the shooting interests came to the fight already organized and flush with a recent victory: an amendment to a 1963 bill extending the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency's authority specifying that the Disarmament Act did not propose to take guns away. There are an estimated twenty million hunters and trapshooters in the United

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States, and it is clear that a sizable number of them are convinced that the Disarmament Act, the Dodd bill, or any other gun legislation poses a clear and present danger to the right "to keep and bear arms" guaranteed in the Second Amendment to the Constitution. The amendment, in effect since 1791, provides: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

The gun business is big business. Gun enthusiasts currently spend between $1.5 billion and $2 billion a year. It is encouraged by a wide array of interests that form a peculiar agglomeration: the sports magazines, the gun manufacturers and dealers, various wildlife and preservation organizations, the gun clubs, the Department of Defense, and the right wing.

THE LARGEST of the recognized gun lobbies is the NRA, which, in the words of its own brochure, "represents and promotes the best interests of gun owners and shooter-sportsmen and supports their belief in the ideals of the United States of America and its way of life. It is dedicated to firearms safety education as a public service, marksmanship training as a contribution to individual preparedness for national defense, and the sport of shooting. . . ." The organization, which went on a "Build NRA" campaign in 1960, now has a membership of more than 600,000 individuals, plus some eleven thousand affiliated clubs. Its income for 1963 was $3.9 million. It states that "The strength of the NRA, and therefore the ability to accomplish its objects and purposes, depends entirely upon the support of loyal Americans who believe in the right to 'keep and bear arms.'" The NRA brochure informs its readers that "The challenge to the right of reputable citizens to possess and enjoy firearms for lawful purposes is assuming greater and more threatening proportions," but, because the NRA legislative service kept its membership informed and alert, "NRA members reacted promptly, firmly, and in force." As part of this general campaign, the NRA has produced a motion picture entitled *To Keep and Bear Arms,* and the same theme was stressed on a float in the 1963 Tournament of Roses parade.

Although the NRA accepts only individuals or gun clubs as members and affiliates, it is generally assumed that every important gun manufacturer has an executive in the NRA. And the Minutemen, an anti-Communist guerrilla organization that claims to have twenty-five thousand members, urges its followers to join NRA-affiliated clubs in order to obtain the ammunition, targets, and surplus or rented weapons—including machine guns, flamethrowers, and aerial bombs—that the Defense Department issues to the NRA each year in order to improve civilian marksmanship. Robert B. de Pugh, national co-ordinator of the Minutemen, told a New York *Times* interviewer recently that it was "a common tactic" for Minutemen, never disclosing their affiliation, to organize or join gun clubs in order to gain access to rifle ranges and the government ammunition. According to de Pugh, each Minuteman must fire at least five hundred rounds a year to retain his marksmanship against the day when the Communists take over, which is expected in 1978. According to the *Times,* the Minutemen's recruiting booklet explains that "When murdering Communist bands come roaming through your community, they must not find a lazy, disarmed people waiting like lambs for the slaughter. They must find instead a vigorous and well-armed civilian population." De Pugh expressed his belief that all gun legislation is backed by Communists seeking to disarm the populace.

The Defense Department's distribution of ammunition is authorized by a 1928 law that obliges the Secretary of the Army to promote civilian marksmanship. The program is run by the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, which is appointed by the Secretary of the Army from the various branches of the armed forces, the Coast Guard, the NRA, the Selective Service System, and the country at large. Of the twenty-three members of the board, eleven are members of the NRA board of directors or executive council. It has been estimated that in fiscal 1963, more than sixty million rounds of ammunition were given away through this program. It has also been estimated that there may be from three hundred million to one billion pistols, rifles, and shotguns, plus several billion rounds of ammunition, currently in the hands of civilians, thus providing every man, woman, and child with from two to six guns.

Dodd of All People!

The NRA's executive vice president, Franklin L. Orth, worked with the sponsors of the Dodd bill before it was introduced, and testified in favor of it before the Commerce Committee. For his efforts, Orth reportedly received several letters threatening to remove him from his job, and the NRA offices were deluged with membership resignations. Leading members of the NRA went before the Senate Commerce Committee to contradict Orth's testimony. The editorial policy of the NRA's magazine, the *National Rifleman,* reflected the split in the ranks, but an NRA leaflet set forth the view that "the best defense is a good offense." Members were advised to adopt a positive attitude toward the problem: set up safety programs, write letters to the editor, participate in local hearings, give talks before local businessmen's clubs and church and school groups. "The ultimate responsibility for bad laws," NRA members were reminded, "cannot rest on those who make the laws if the shooter-sportsman, the individual voting American, is indifferent or if he is silent before the threat of disarmament by careless persons with other interests."

Opposition to the Dodd bill was also quickly forthcoming from the publications that serve the gun industry. The February issue of *Gun World* ran a "Special Editorial" heavily outlined in black, which mourned the death of President Kennedy, commented on the bad equipment the assassin used, regretted that the weapon had become "the focal point of reaction," and pointed out that "the enemies of freedom, of our right 'to keep and bear arms,' are not removed by sublime character from seizing opportunity at this time of bereavement." It concluded that "this nation's legion of shooting sportsmen" must act to protect the Bill of Rights, and pointed out that

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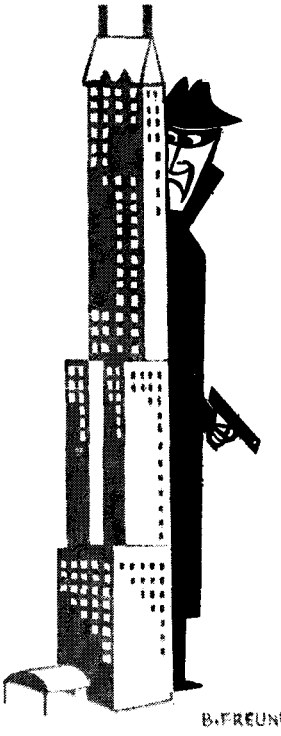
there should be courteous letters to legislators, civic leaders, and newsmen. Last December's issue of *Guns and Ammo* warned in its editorial against the "misguided, fuzzy-thinking and insidious characters" who want to tamper with the right to own firearms. (The magazine's readers were also offered an opportunity to purchase, in time for Christmas, the same kind of Italian carbine as Oswald's, which was displayed along with a number of similar items and a picture of Santa Claus.) The February issue of *Muzzle Blasts*, sponsored by the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association, featured on its front cover a boy outfitted in a Civil War uniform, wearing two holstered guns and a knife and holding a rifle. The caption was "My Right to Bear Arms."

DURING the same period, advertising by gun manufacturers underwent some interesting changes. One gunsight firm that usually shows how well its scopes can focus on deer and bears ran ads placing in the middle of a scope the slogan "Let's Aim for Good Gun Legislation." A company that usually advertises revolvers replaced them with a picture of a statue of a pioneer father showing his son how to hold a rifle, and a quotation: "To ride, shoot straight, and speak the truth—this was the ancient Law of Youth. . . ." None of the gun manufacturers who had worked with Dodd in forming the bill went before the Commerce Committee to testify on it. A vice-president of one of the companies who wanted to testify in favor of the bill was voted down by his board of directors. The gunmakers apparently concluded that while the Dodd bill could have been worse and might be lived with, there was no reason for displaying enthusiasm about any form of Federal regulation.

The Commerce Committee's hearings, which went on from December 13 through March 4, in fact produced an overwhelming balance of testimony against the Dodd bill or any gun legislation. The only strong outside support came from the Treasury Department, the director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, and the New York Police Department.

A number of wildlife groups declared themselves against the bill. Asked about this seeming anomaly, one senator's aide said: "They spend their time stocking shooting ranges; you call that preservation?" (The National Wildlife Federation is joined with manufacturers, gun dealers, and gun magazines in the National Shooting Sports Foundation.)

The testimony of the opposition ranged from the argument that the bill would be ineffective to one that it would disarm the United States—sometimes both arguments in the same testimony. Witness after witness counseled the committee not to act out of hysteria. The record is replete with inferences that to be for the bill is to be against father and son enjoying the outdoors together or, worse, to be against man and his



dog. It was argued that the Dodd bill amounted to firearms registration, and that we must never forget the plight of Great Britain, which found itself without an armed citizenry to stave off a German invasion. A delegation from Bagdad, Arizona, drove 2,500 miles across the country in fifty-four hours to warn that the bill was unconstitutional; that, in the words of one member, "This will be an unenforceable law and will create chaos which can only aid our enemies"; and that "The Dodd bill represents a further attempt by a subversive power to make us part of one world socialistic government." ("*Me* an instrument of the Communists!" exclaimed Dodd, who was an FBI agent for two years.)

The offices of senators on the committee report that the mail generated against the gun law was indeed heavy. "We heard from everyone from hunting clubs to the same claque of nuts and Birchers who will write us about anything," said one staff man. "This is almost as emotional and irrational an issue as whether children ought to pray in school," said another. The mail against the legislation appears to have been much more impressive than any supporting it. "Dodd failed to stir up a public demand," said one office. Dodd himself explained that the bill was overwhelmed by the combined opposition of "legitimate sportsmen, decent people who were misled and misinformed; the crackpots and the vigilantes who fed the opposition; and the hard core—those with a vested interest in gun running." "Members are scared to death of pressure from the sportsmen," another senator said. "They are very influential in politics, and usually are professionals who have stature in the community; they like dogs and children, they shoot 'dangerous animals,' and they didn't like the bill."

THE COMMITTEE was still theoretically considering the bill when on June 24 the office of Senator Warren G. Magnuson (D., Washington), chairman of the Commerce Committee, sent out a press release announcing that Magnuson had been cited by an NRA convention in Los Angeles for "displaying leadership and calm judgment" in handling anti-firearms legislation. "Only because of the calm and objective character of our nation's statesmen in this time of great crisis," the citation read, "was the orderly transfer of the executive power and direction of our country accomplished without incident, and such impulsive attempts to disarm our law-abiding citizens and sportsmen avoided." But the bill could not really be pronounced dead until August 11, when the committee, without taking a vote, decided to defer action. No further action was taken. "There was," said one of those who attended the meeting, "an overwhelming sentiment for doing nothing."

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Updating the Indian Army

RAWLE KNOX

SRINAGAR

AROUND noon one day early in November, 1962, a Bengali captain in the Indian Army Service Corps came into the bar of the Tezpur Club. There were about twenty of us newsmen and cameramen, mostly American, all wondering where the Chinese really were. We were accredited to the corps headquarters, but nobody would let us in there, and that morning we had seen most of it moving off in a long column of trucks towards the comparative safety of Gauhati. An enterprising Indian cameraman had posed as an official and managed to get himself to Foothills, a small town at the end of the plain some twenty miles north. He had seen no Indian troops at all, except for a rather moody brigadier planning the defense of Foothills. It was not a comfortable situation, and we hoped the Bengali captain might know something.

He didn't; but after we had bought him a few beers and asked him countless questions, he suddenly made a passionate pronouncement. "We are not *trained* to fight the Chinese!" he cried. "We are trained to fight the Pakistanis and the Portuguese and the Nagas. But not the Chinese. And if they come any closer I will take off my uniform, put on my *dhoti,* and go home." There was a shocked silence. The great, gray Brahmaputra behind us looked broader even than before. True, the captain was not a front-line soldier; true, he had had a few beers. But *in vino veritas.* . . . If anyone there still held any doubts whether the Chinese had won a complete victory, he held them no longer.

New Matériel . . .

Almost two years later many are wondering whether the Indian Army is yet trained to fight the Chinese. It is certainly far better equipped—and most Indian officers would argue that the lack of modern equipment precluded modern training in the past. Defence Minister Y. B. Chavan has just returned from Moscow with a new military-aid loan amounting to some $250 million. Most of this will be expended on three factories to assemble and ultimately manufacture MIG-21s, which, according to defense ministry sources, will be supersonic all-weather planes with special features incorporated to suit them for Indian and Himalayan conditions. The Russians are also expected to provide about eighty light tanks for high-altitude fighting.

There is much satisfaction in New Delhi that the Russians have not attached political strings to the military loan. Once again one sees a connection between equipment and training. The Indian armed forces certainly want to fight their own war against the Chinese if they have to do so again. Also, this is politically desirable for the Indian government. The United States and to a lesser extent Great Britain have come in for criticism for their reluctance to provide supersonic fighters for India. The Anglo-American argument was that they would provide air cover themselves in case of need. Although in an emergency this would have to be accepted, it is not what the Indians want. "Nonalignment" is a magic word in India, and somehow a military ally is a dirty thing. In the wordy arguments that have followed the 1962 debacle, it has often been forgotten that the United States and Britain provided armaments immediately, and free. The Russians have taken two years, during which their dispute with Peking has grown ever hotter, to provide a loan that the Indian government may find difficult to repay in the stipulated ten years. The MIGs are still a distant project, as is India's own supersonic fighter, the HF 24, for which suitable engines still are being sought.

. . . and New Men

The backbone of defense still remains with the army. The huge expansion of manpower from 500,000 to 825,000 is well underway. It is still a volunteer army, and this increase has necessarily meant a lowering of standards. Some of the best battalions have been milked of senior noncommissioned officers. Years of service in the Indian Army are revered like medal ribbons, and it is hard for a *havildar* (sergeant) with ten years' service to take the place of one with twenty and get the same respect. There have been rapid promotions, too, in the medium-officer ranks, and the officer problem is by far the gravest.

India has no middle class of the type from which any western nation draws its officer material in an emergency. The administrators and merchants are not, by and large, the kind of people who want to see their sons wasting their opportunities, perhaps even sacrificing their lives, in the armed forces. Even among the Sikhs, who have found the commercial climate so good since independence, there is a noticeable change in the military tradition.

To this problem the Indian government has tried to provide a massive solution. At the base there is now a National Cadet Corps, which currently has three million members. Since last year it has been compulsory for Indian students to serve in the Corps for three years, an order that is by no means popular. In Delhi University, so many undergraduates produced medical certifi-

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cates to show their eyesight was too poor for them to take part in rifle practice that one professor wondered aloud how they were going to read their examinations.

Most students feel it's plain silly doing old-fashioned drill and playing around with dummy rifles, but the Indian Army argues that from somewhere in that vast Corps some good soldiers will emerge who will want to go to the new National Defence Academy, and again on to the regular Military Academy at Dehra Dun. There has been a considerable increase of Sainik schools (which correspond roughly to American military colleges), and from them too it is hoped to find new officers. The Indian Army has now accepted with only a few reservations the ruling Congress Party's assertion that any Indian is as good as another, and that officers need not therefore be drawn from the "martial castes," as they were in British days.

All the same, this still raises difficulties. The nucleus of the army, the elite battalions, still comes from the martial castes—the Gurkhas, the Sikhs, the Dogras, the Jats, the Mahrattas, and a handful of others. These are men with generations of tradition of army service. They eye new officers from the "outside" with respectful reserve and devastatingly swift appraisal. The officer has to prove himself quickly, and that is not always easy. A good soldier in the Indian Army does not mind taking orders from an officer of a lower caste—if he is a good officer. If he is not, all sorts of trouble starts.

Morale is always difficult to assess. When I went out into the Punjab and talked, in their homes, to a number of soldiers whom the Chinese captured in 1962 and then released, their spirit was remarkably high. They had all had a harrowing time. They retained a uniform contempt for the Chinese both as soldiers and as propagandists. "They only have little bullets" (.22s), they kept saying. "I've seen one of our men still advancing after he'd been hit ten times." And, "Yes, they gave us their books to read. Why should we believe what *they* write?"

The Indian dismissal of difficulty until it is actually encountered is not the best preparation for combat. I remember telling Indian gunners in my battery in 1941 that at first, noise is one of the most unnerving things in battle. They tried hard not to be disrespectful. But, "Sahib," they said, "do you think we were frightened of noise on the Frontier?" Of course they weren't, because they only had a few Afghans popping at them with homemade rifles, but when the Japanese tanks and bombers arrived, they saw, in some cases too late, what I meant. Yet I still say the Indian soldier is as good as any in the world. The men I talked to recently would, I am sure, cheerfully face the Chinese again with the courage of the conviction that they are far better soldiers than the enemy.

India's Frontiers

It is not all as simple as that. Up on the high mountains, both in the North East Frontier Agency in Assam and in the wastes of Ladakh far to the northwest, men are on constant watch in posts of appalling discomfort. Even back at headquarters the regimental barber can only shave the men at noon when (in summer) the midday sun is warm enough to keep the lather from freezing. In some places it takes a man three weeks' march to get from front line to headquarters, so the problem of relief isn't easy. All men love home, and the Indian farmer, the backbone of the army, loves it more than most. On those cold heights, who knows what is happening back on the plains of the Punjab? There is too much time to think. Who is fighting whom over the rightful distribution of canal water? Who is saying which wife has been unfaithful?

The Indian Army is now planning to build camps for relatives and dependents of soldiers as close as possible to the frontiers, but this is no complete solution to a problem that obviously has none. Already soldiers and their families are beginning to ask why the "emergency" the government has declared should be exclusively theirs, while civilians carry on as though China were as remote as the moon.

New Delhi has no grand strategy. There is no firm plan, for instance, against the possibility of a Chinese strike down into neighboring Burma. The Indian government does not really think in military terms at all, and would much prefer not to. The army's job is to defend India's frontiers. And that's the rub: the orders are to defend the frontiers, not to defend India itself in the most logical military manner. Shortly after the North East Frontier Agency debacle, I left Tezpur for Calcutta and found that this hub of India's industry and commerce had been on the verge of panic. Workers had lined up in front of their employers' offices asking for leave "to take their families" to places of safety. The Chinese were over two hundred miles away and on the other side of the rolling Brahmaputra. Calcutta practically evacuated itself during the Second World War when the Japanese dropped a dozen light bombs on it.

Civilian India is totally unprepared for war, after two years of shouting about it. If the Indian Army allowed any serious incursion of the frontiers and the enemy were really determined to come on, there would be civilian panic. Everyone knows this, and the army knows it best of all, because it has to think of what might happen to its lines of communication. Tactically, therefore, the army is pinned down to a defense of the frontiers, which in most places is extraordinarily difficult. The Chinese showed how difficult it was in North East Frontier Agency, which by normal military standards should only be lightly held, with major defenses behind the Brahmaputra. There are no defenses behind the Brahmaputra, but enormously expensive road and fortress works are under construction north of it, in the N.E.F.A.

TACTICALLY, the Indian Army has learned the lessons of 1962. The North East Frontier Agency cannot be defended by motorized units using a single main road, against an enemy prepared to use its feet with some nimbleness to cut that road. This the British learned against the Japanese in Malaya, and the United Nations later against the North Koreans and Chinese. (In 1962, the Korean War was something that a few selected Indian officers studied in theory at the Staff College at Wellington, Madras State.) If the lessons have not been totally assimilated, it is because the

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teaching is going on at the same time as the expansion of the army, and you can't turn plainsmen recruits immediately into seasoned mountain warfarers. Much more has been done to acclimatize troops to the fearsome heights, which cause any newcomer immediate nausea and giddiness; now any emergency reinforcements could operate at once in Himalayan conditions.

The defense of India's frontiers demands exceptionally alert intelligence service. This, in 1962, the army certainly did not have. Air reconnaissance cannot do much; for though the Indian press often forgets itself so far as to say that its country is at war with China, the Indian government remains resolutely at peace. N.E.F.A. and Ladakh tribesmen are not Aryan Indians at all, and have little or nothing in common with the Hindu thought of the plains. Indeed, they look and behave like Tibetans, though their tribes are separate from those in Tibet proper.

This has obvious advantages and disadvantages. Either side can infiltrate the other, for naturally there is some admixture among the tribes. India did little about this before the Chinese attack, and there is not much comforting evidence that its methods have been improved. The intelligence department has sprouted a few more generals and colonels, but there are too few men trained in the work. Both the Americans and British are now turning over to Delhi reports from their men in China that they consider relevant. But both countries hesitate to send their men on specific jobs asked for by Indian intelligence, because the demands are often so unrealistic that they would place agents in unnecessary danger.

Politics and the Army

The many army officers who after the 1962 defeat were eager for immediate revenge are calmer now, and probably wiser. To take one practical point: another three to five years will be needed to turn the six-hundred-mile road from Jammu—where the northern Indian plains end—to Leh, the capital of Ladakh, into anything like a decent two-lane, all-weather highway. At the moment, after every snowy winter and every summer monsoon, mile upon mile of this road is nothing but sludge and rock. Troops and civilian laborers are working on it now, and military convoys of as many as six hundred trucks move along it nose to tail, often at little more than walking pace. It is still no road to use in a war, and weather in Kashmir is so unpredictable that aircraft can sometimes be grounded for a week.

The road from Jammu to Leh passes through the Kashmiri capital of Srinagar. Srinagar in India's tourist pamphlets is the country's "little Lucerne," but militarily it is the town from which the nation faces a potential war on two fronts. To the north and northeast are the Chinese; to the west and northwest are the Pakistanis. Theoretically, all arms provided by the United States for India's aid are to be used against the Chinese. In practice, as one of the harassed officers in America's military-aid mission in Delhi said to me: "Once you give a man a gun in this country, it's pretty hard to follow him around and find out which way it's pointing." This of course is the incessant theme of President Ayub Khan of Pakistan. China, he says, poses no serious long-term threat to the subcontinent. When it made its limited attack on India in 1962, it was merely telling the Indians to mind their own business and stay home.

It is a point of view that President Ayub, and perhaps others, must take seriously. The Indian Army may be somewhat in the melting pot at present; within three to five years it should be a solid body of 825,000 men—one of the largest in the world. General J. N. Chaudhuri, the tall, amiable Bengali who is India's chief of general staff, is admirably carrying out his major current task—that of expanding the army to its newly planned size. He has left neither the United States nor its allies in any doubt that the new army is designed to defend India against China. But there are the politicians, and since Krishna Menon's days as defense minister, the army has discovered politics.

Before Menon left the defense ministry in the dramatic days of 1962, he appointed B. N. Kaul chief of staff and later commander of the vital corps in N.E.F.A., not because Kaul was a political general but because he was willing to be a politician's general. Three months before the Chinese attack, General Kaul began to realize just what Menon's juggling of the higher command had done to the army's confidence and morale, and he protested. He was too late. Menon's plan for the defense of India lay in getting as much Soviet military assistance as possible, thus playing off Moscow against Peking. The Chinese were too quick for him.

When, after an unprecedented parliamentary revolt against the late Prime Minister Nehru, Menon was forced to resign, the defense ministry went to Y. B. Chavan. The army accepted him because he was a Mahratta, one of a fighting people. He had been a solid and sound chief minister of Maharashtra State; he had always been cautious too, and he carried his cautiousness into the defense ministry, which suited the army at the time. He has initiated nothing significant, he has taken advice, and he has not noticeably played politics in the army. All this the army has appreciated, but there are what one might call "Menon officers" remaining, and also others who remember that politics could be a passport to promotion.

There is a strange combination of Menon left-wingers and Hindu conservatives who believe passionately that Pakistan is the enemy, not China. They operate in quite different fields, but they both have influence on a people that knows the Muslims but has never seen a Chinese. Indian Army officers, who are among the most intelligent groups of Indian society, realize this. Since Menon, many of them doubt whether it is wise to buck politics entirely. Here in Kashmir over the past seven months, an average of about five incidents of gunfire each day between Indian and Pakistani armed forces on the cease-fire line have been reported to the United Nations observer group. No trouble has been reported with the Chinese, who in Ladakh are hundreds of miles within Indian-claimed territory. Politicians tend to pick easy game, and maybe army officers other than the sad Bengali captain are getting the idea.

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Reapportionment: What the Court Didn't Do

ROBERT G. DIXON, JR.

THE SUPREME COURT'S recent reapportionment decisions on the structure of state legislatures are a major event in America's long romance with the principle of egalitarianism. There is no doubt that much change was overdue in some states, and at least some change was overdue in most states. We are a democratic people and our institutions presuppose according population a dominant role in formulas of representation.

The court ruled that the members in both houses of state legislatures must be elected from districts of approximately equal population. At the same time, by its intensive focus on numbers, the court may have transformed one of the most intricate, fascinating, and elusive problems of democracy into a simple exercise of applying elementary arithmetic to census data.

Like so many of the Constitutional issues that have split the Supreme Court, the reapportionment decisions lend themselves to superficial characterization in simple, moral terms, but are devilishly difficult to assess in terms of political realism, political philosophy, and long-run implications. Chief Justice Warren's majority opinions in the reapportionment decisions find support in the oral argument, which the states, frankly, botched rather badly. But his opinions, and particularly the far-reaching opinion in the Colorado case, have not found universal support among legal writers. Among the general commentators there were many who hailed the decisions as a new charter of liberty, signaling a new majoritarianism that could yield fresh political force for more effective approaches to urbanism, civil rights, social welfare, and even international relations. They heard the death knell on a rule of rural virtue rooted in the mystique of the settler tradition, the log cabin, and the family farm. Several of the more perceptive columnists, however, such as Walter Lippmann and Max Freedman, have been sober and restrained in their praise, hesitating not so much over the need for reapportionment as the sweep of the decisions, as Anthony Lewis reported in the New York *Times* a few days after the decisions. "Even some liberal-minded persons, admirers of the modern Supreme Court, found themselves stunned by last Monday."

Ideals and Reality

The difficulty lies not so much in the results of these cases as in the court's absolutistic approach. None of the apportionment opinions, except Justice Stewart's, showed an adequate awareness of the complexity

of representative government in a pluralistic society. This complexity involves trying to achieve fair representation of the many interests and groupings and shades of opinion in a multimembered body chosen from geographic districts. In any election in any district system, there is a minority that is weighted at zero and a majority that elects its man or its slate and so is weighted, at least until the next election, at one hundred per cent. Some vote weighting necessarily is involved in any election system of a multimembered body from separate districts. To talk of "equal votes" in this context simply is not responsive to the issue. The important thing, in assessing the Constitutional fairness of the system, is how these "equal votes" producing one hundred per cent majorities and zero minorities add up across a state.

Actual examples of this complexity and the insufficiency of a simple "equal-population" formula are not hard to find. For example, a few days after the equal-population rule was announced for Congressional districts last February, in a Supreme Court case that preceded and foreshadowed the reapportionment decisions, Maryland's old-line legislative leaders demonstrated their resilience. They unveiled a plan for new arithmetically equal districts which actually would have worsened the position of the underrepresented suburbs that had brought the redistricting suit. The gerrymandering plan, which was narrowly defeated in the final days of the session, would have carved and regrouped the populous counties without regard to community of interest to yield equal-population districts that preserved the traditional power structure.

A SECOND CAUSE of the inequities even under an equal-population standard is the familiar balance-of-power factor. Significant interest-group overrepresentation can occur whenever a minority group—religious, racial, or other—holds the balance of power in a series of districts. The prohibitionists proved this by actually obtaining a Constitutional amendment. Fear of this balance-of-power factor may be one explanation for the outcome of the Colorado referendum that selected the apportionment plan subsequently nullified by the Supreme Court.

The Colorado case had attracted special attention and was thought to raise deeper philosophic issues than any others in the group of fifteen apportionment cases on the Supreme Court's calendar. It presented an apportionment plan placing the lower house on a straight population basis and the upper house on a modified population

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basis. This plan had been approved by every county in Colorado in a referendum. In the same statewide referendum, an alternative plan placing both houses on a straight population basis had been resoundingly rejected. Although Justices Clark and Stewart had given limited concurrence to Chief Justice Warren's basic opinion for the court in the Alabama case, they joined Justice Harlan in dissent in this case.

A third potential cause of gross inequities even under an equal-population standard is the possible operation of multimember districts. The South provides interesting examples of this in regard to two minorities in the populous urban-suburban centers: the Republicans and the Negroes. If single-member districts are used, the housing patterns in some populous areas will produce some Republican seats and some Negro seats. But if the legislators are chosen in large plural-member districts, the Negroes and the Republicans will be swamped, despite their substantial numbers.

In short, numbers are easy to play with so long as they remain mere numbers. If, as Aristotle said, "Law is reason unaffected by desire," the reapportionment opinions of Chief Justice Warren show up well as an ideal prescription for a theoretical society. But if what the Founding Fathers called "factionalism" rears its ugly head, and if, as Justice Holmes said, "The life of the law has not been logic; it has been experience," then the Warren opinions are inadequate. The basic difficulty seems to be that the court views all these cases as being simply civil-rights cases involving the personalized right of the individual voter to cast a vote that theoretically will have "equal weight" with the votes of all other voters. In one sense, of course, these cases do involve voting. But this simple characterization by the court misses the crucial point that in apportionment cases the personal civil right of the voter is intertwined with large, overriding questions concerning representation.

Unresolved Issues

Perhaps the first need is to perceive what these cases are all about, and the effect the court order unavoidably will have. In reapportionment, courts sit in judgment on the structure of political power, even effect a judicial transfer of political power. To speak thus in terms of distribution of political power is to talk not of legislative acts, and not of judicial acts in the previously accepted concept of judicial review, but of constitutive acts. Reapportionment restructures government at the core.

Although the judiciary is deeply immersed in reapportionment litigation that the various measures before Congress will not be able to halt, there is not nearly enough information available for intelligent decision. One recent study of the House of Representatives, in which congressmen's votes on four issues were weighted by the population of their districts and recomputed, rather surprisingly suggests that the liberals benefit from such Congressional maldistricting as now exists. A similar recomputation of twenty-

two roll-call votes in two sessions of the Texas legislature indicates that the outcome would have differed on only one measure. This is an area where political science, unfortunately, has let us down rather badly. We are just beginning to compile studies of the actual operation of legislatures and the relationships between legislators and their constituencies.

Another critically important aspect, the matter of standards, will need perpetual refinement as legislators develop new patterns of apportionment under which some identifiable group has disproportionate representation. It is a problem of putting real meaning into Chief Justice Warren's admonition that "fair and effective representation for all citizens is concededly the basic aim of legislative apportionment."

To achieve this goal, the court will have to move forward in two directions beyond the equal-population principle. It will have to join Justice Stewart in his concern for "ultimate effective majority rule." And it will have to be disposed to act against gerrymandering devices whereby a minority political party spreads its voters over enough districts in a state to control a majority of seats. Conversely, it should be disposed also to act against gross and continued underrepresentation of a minority party or group which finds itself so distributed and "locked into" a district system that its votes, though substantial, always achieve zero representation.

On the latter point, two lower Federal courts already have suggested that the equal-protection clause, on which the reapportionment decisions rest, may require breaking up multimember districts into single-member districts. Under a statute voided by a lower Federal court in Georgia last March, some voters had their own state senator in a single-member district. Other voters in populous counties having more than one senator were under a system whereby each senator was chosen at large in the county even though assigned for representation purposes to a subdistrict in the county, where he also had to reside. The court found unconstitutional discrimination between the single-member-district voters who "owned their man," so to speak, and the voters in the subdistricts in the plural-member counties who might be represented by a man elected at large but not favored by the very subdistrict he represented. It does not take much imagination to see that this system could operate, and perhaps was designed to operate, to overcome subdistrict majorities that were contrary to the county-wide majority.

In Pennsylvania a lower Federal court last April held that both political philosophy and Constitutional law prohibited the use of multimember districts along with single-member districts. "One man, one vote" means, the court said, that each voter must vote for the same number of legislators. Otherwise, some voters would have only one legislator looking out for their in-

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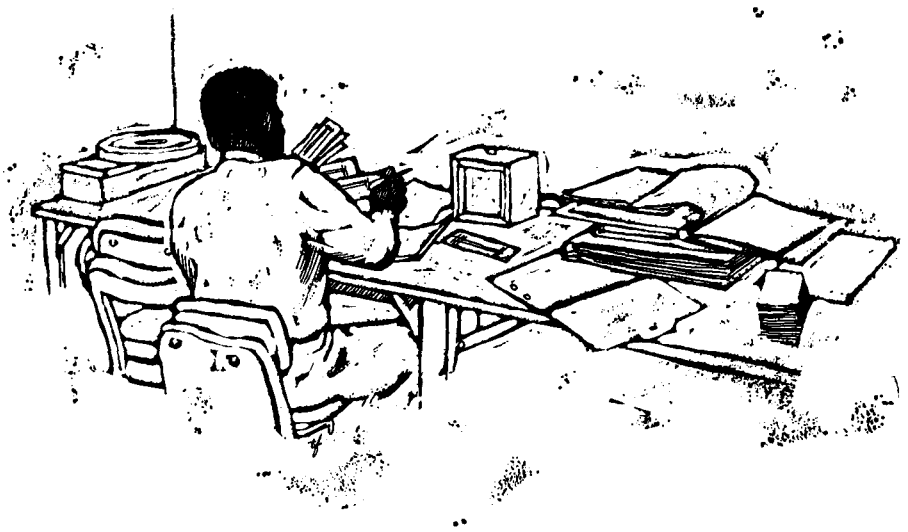
terests; others would have two, three, or four, although of course their districts might be two, three, or four times larger. The court added the more respectable rationale that "minority groups living in particular localities may well be submerged in elections at large but can often make their voting power much more effective in the smaller single-member district in which they may live." Both of these cases may be on the Supreme Court docket in the term starting this month.

In devising remedies for malapportionment, the courts also should guard against undue haste. How anomalous is the contrast between the "hell-bent for election" speed with which some courts approach reapportionment and the lengthy delay and procrastination in desegregation of public education! Desegregation is conceptually far more simple than legislative apportionment, and is a moral issue as well. It is almost exclusively a matter of vindicating a personalized civil right. And yet in desegregation we have had "all deliberate speed" over a ten-year period, whereas in reapportionment we have been treated to the spectacle of courts pressuring and threatening legislators and fixing exact deadlines measured in months or even weeks.

THE "POLITICAL THICKET" that Justice Frankfurter warned the courts not to enter is no less political because the courts are in it. But the highest commitment is to the viability of the system and to maintenance of popular faith in it. With political avenues for redress of malapportionment blocked in many states, with protests mounting, the court has concluded that some judicial participation in the politics is a precondition to there being any effective politics.

Unfortunately, there are no simple formulas for making power just, and politics clean. An equal-population-district system will be no exception to the tendency of all district systems to exaggerate the strength of the dominant party, and may even heighten the tendency. As courts go forward in this new era of "one man, one vote," the task will be to assure both majority rule and equitable minority representation.



The Making Of a Negro Middle Class

HANNAH LEES

PHILADELPHIA

A NEGRO who wants to get ahead is less apt to think of starting his own business than of making the bigger and more demanding jump into law, medicine, or another profession. Matriarchal dreams of my-son-the-doctor-lawyer-professor are partly responsible, but a more obvious factor has been the almost total roadblock when it came to borrowing money. It has been easier for an ambitious young Negro to borrow money to go to college and on to professional school than to borrow a much smaller sum to start a business. Similarly, it has been easier for a Negro to get scholarships for his children than to borrow the money necessary to expand his business so that he could send them to college himself. Since the prosperous small businessman is an important stabilizing factor in any neighborhood, providing leadership and continuity, his absence in the Negro communities in our big cities has left a vacuum. He is not there to be consulted; his voice is not there representing his neighborhood in the chamber of commerce and other civic organizations. Most Negroes in business just scrape along, and a man just scraping along has neither the time, energy, nor prestige to be a civic or even a neighborhood leader.

The recent explosion of rioting and looting in Philadelphia is a painful and instructive example of what happens inside this vacuum. Columbia Avenue, where most of the violence occurred, is the chief shopping street for thousands of low-income Negroes who live in North Philadelphia. Its shops are at least ninety per cent white-owned, and white shopkeepers, together with white landlords, have become an increasing and often legitimate symbol of exploitation. It is reasonable to wonder if the looting would have occurred if the shops had been Negro-owned. After the carnage was over, scattered small shops with crudely lettered "Negro Owned" signs stood unscathed among the rubble. But the most these owners could do was save themselves. There were none with voices loud or impressive enough to join the Negro ministers who drove around with the police broadcasting appeals for a return to sanity. If there had been, the original riot might never have spread at all.

Learning to Think Small

The Small Business Administration (SBA), a Federal agency now elev-

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en years old, did nothing at all to help this situation in the first ten years of its existence. Discrimination was not a factor; SBA was simply not thinking small enough. Its ceiling for loans was $350,000, and though its theoretical floor was $200, it seldom dealt with such small figures. During 1963, for example, the branch that serves all of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware granted only 206 loans, dispersing in the process almost $15 million, which made the average loan over $72,000. Only six of the loans were under $6,000. And during its first decade it made only seven loans to Negro businessmen.

Last year, however, a nonprofit group called the Small Business Opportunities Corporation (SBOC) was formed in Philadelphia under a three-year, $330,000 grant from the Area Redevelopment Administration, which has broad powers and millions of dollars at its disposal to stimulate enterprise and employment in depressed areas. The sole function of the SBOC was to help the SBA meet the needs of the very small businessman and to teach the businessman at the same time how to use SBA loans as stepping-stones to expansion and profit.

Though the SBOC is there to help anyone with a small enough business problem, it is particularly geared to minority groups mainly because it was the brain child of Maurice Fagan, executive director of Philadelphia's Fellowship Commission, whose basic purpose is to fight discrimination.

Representatives of one of the big oil companies had come to Fagan two years ago for help in finding several Negroes with $1,500 apiece to invest in service stations that they would eventually own. The offer was attractive and generous—prompted, no doubt, as much by the growing public conscience as by the growing Negro market. But Fagan knew how hard it would be to find even one Negro with $1,500 to invest in a gas station, and it started him thinking—all this push for equal job opportunity, and who was doing anything about equal business opportunity? He began talking to Philadelphia civic leaders, both white and Negro, and to men in Washington.

The result, some thousands of man-hours and hundreds of conferences later, was the Small Business Opportunities Corporation, under the triple aegis of the Fellowship Commission, the City of Philadelphia, and the Drexel Institute of Technology. SBOC has persuaded SBA to co-operate on a pilot project offering four per cent loans up to $6,000 for six years to men who showed character, judgment, and some assets. The low interest was possible because Philadelphia was listed as a labor-surplus area. Drexel's function was to do a research project on the business situation in Negro communities: which businesses stood the greatest chance of success or failure (small corner groceries, for example, are highly vulnerable); what areas needed what sorts of business; how Negroes got credit and in turn extended credit to their customers—all the factors that went into success and failure so that SBOC could give applicants the soundest possible advice and help.

The new loan opportunities, immediately nicknamed "6-by-6," were announced to the public last January 28 with considerable radio and TV coverage, and immediately there were swarms of applicants. SBOC, expecting to start slowly and make perhaps fifty loans the first year, had set up temporary quarters in a conference room in the Fellowship Commission. It was swamped. SBA had sent four credit men to do the initial interviewing, but an SOS had to be

sent out to the banks, which sent more trained interviewers. The first quarterly report of SBOC listed 1,380 applicants, of whom about a third (430) had been sufficiently qualified to send on to SBA. By August 1, SBOC had heard from 2,315 applicants, of whom 988 seemed qualified, and the Small Business Administration had made 152 loans in the 6-by-6 program with another 155 approved and nearly ready for disbursement. Forty per cent of these loans had been to Negroes. So far there have been no defaults.

The Case of Eason Peel

Eason Peel, a slight, intense man in his mid-forties who borrowed $3,500 to expand his rug-cleaning business, is an example of the frustrations of the marginal Negro businessman and the changes a small loan can effect. He had apparently given the subject a lot of thought, for when I went to see him he burst out before I could ask him a question:

"I want to say this. Financing the Negro businessman would"—he paused to search for words and found them painfully—"would contribute to all of human society. The American Negro businessman, he hasn't been able to be part of the revolution so far, just because he couldn't borrow money. He never knew whether he'd make it next month. He's way behind. He couldn't even leave his shop to go talk to people. Until SBOC started, there was no source, no source at all, of money to be loaned to Negroes."

I asked if it had been hard to get the loan, and he smiled wryly.

"Well, I wouldn't say it's as easy as they make you think, but you get it. You do get it. And they can't make it easy. I asked for $6,000. They only thought I was good for $3,500. That was right, I guess. Let me tell you."

Peel was one of the earliest applicants for the 6-by-6 loans and got his money about two months later. With it he bought a rug binder, an electric rug cutter, a second shampooer, and some other supplies. The SBA is reluctant—some applicants think far too reluctant—to lend money without collateral except for specific identifiable equipment that could be attached. SBA grants some working capital but not much. Peel was reticent about what he received, but it was somewhat more than the $500 average. He feels that the working capital made the biggest difference. By August 1, four months after he got the loan, he had three times as many rugs in storage as ever before. He had hired three boys, high-school graduates, and taught them to do cleaning, repairing, and other shop work.

"I always knew the business was

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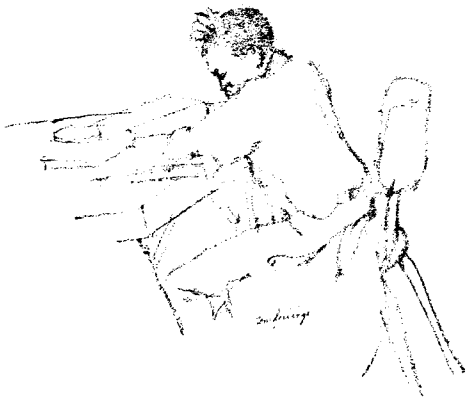
there," he said, "and I knew how to get it. But I was stuck. When there was only me to get out the work, I couldn't be out making contacts. People didn't come to Peel. Why? Because they didn't know Peel. See this." He brought out a well-designed orange card with his name and phone number and a series of emergency phone numbers: police, fire, and so on. "I made this up years ago, but I could never buy more than a thousand at once, and I had to distribute them an hour or two a night. I never got the neighborhood even half covered by the time the season was over. Now I can buy twenty-five thousand and get them cheaper. I can hire boys to spread them around when people are thinking about storing. There's another thing. Lots of times I couldn't afford to store rugs. I couldn't wait a couple of months for payment. Sometimes I'd even cut prices if they'd let me get the work done fast and pay me right away. I lost all that storage money.

"Now—just a few hundred dollars, that's the whole difference—I can fill my storage room. I've always had the space. I can hire an extra boy when I need him and know the money's there to pay him. It's not always even needing to use the money; it's knowing it's there, like a crutch to lean on if you need it. Why, since April my bank balance hasn't once dropped below $600. As soon as some goes out it comes right in again—new business. I've advertised in the paper. I've had my front fixed up with a decent sign. I've painted my truck. I won't say I'm doing so great, but I'm doing a lot better. People respect Peel now for the first time."

PEOPLE who wonder if it has been really impossible for a man like Peel to borrow a little money any other way probably cannot even imagine what he and others like him have been up against. Coming out of the Army in the mid-1940's—he had previously been working for someone else in the rug-cleaning business—he wanted to be his own boss and was counting on a veterans' loan. The Veterans Administration people said casually, "Get a bank to lend you the money. We'll guarantee it and pay the interest for a year." But the VA paid only 4½ per cent, and banks could get more than that. One after another said, "We've used up all our G.I. money. We aren't taking G.I. loans."

"I'd been to every bank in the city of Philadelphia," Peel told me, "and been turned down by all of them. Maybe I'd still have been turned down if I was white—but not so fast." He went to the loan companies but could not borrow more than one or two hundred dollars even at their fifteen per cent, twenty per cent, and thirty per cent interest rates. He had been in business nine years before any loan company would lend him as much as $600. So he worked along without equipment, wholesaling out what business he could find, saving a dollar when he could. "You just keep tying ends together," he said. He put off marriage for fear a wife would be a drag instead of a help. When he finally did marry—a practical nurse, about nine years ago—her pay and his small profits enabled them to get a row house with a garage and storage loft next door, plus some minimal equipment like a rug shampooer. He still bound and cut by hand. They could do no better than scrape along. Two sons were born. There was never money to hire a helper to free Peel to look for customers. He was perpetually obsessed by the need for money. When he heard Maurice Fagan tell about the plans for organizing SBOC on a radio



panel, months before the project actually started, he pinned his hopes on it.

"My brothers thought I was some sort of nut. 'Wise up,' they said, 'and give up. Nobody's going to lend you any money. Don't go down there and get beat around the ears.'" But he was among the first to apply at the SBOC temporary office.

"There's a lot of talk that they make it too tough and tell you what to do too much—restrictions, red tape, investigations. I felt that way, but not now. That's how it's got to be. So they only let me have $3,500. I can borrow more tomorrow. Right after I made my second payment I got a letter saying I was eligible. No, I'm not ready. I don't know when I will be, but I know it's there. Nobody can tear down the SBA when I'm listening."

Three customers phoned during the half hour I talked with Peel. And the respect of the community he spoke about probably goes a lot deeper than his business. His brothers can no longer consider him "some sort of nut." His is a voice now to be listened to. He is on the way, in fact, to becoming the solid middle-income businessman that has been so lacking in the Negro community, and he is not unaware of it.

Loans are obtained for a variety of purposes. Mrs. Gwynn Williams has a loan of $2,500 to enlarge her employment and job-training center, and to move it to a better location. William McElhney has a loan of $3,000 to buy trucks and equipment for an exterminating service. Leon Cornwall got $6,000 to stock an electrical appliance and service shop. Two young housewives borrowed $200 to start a children's day-care center. But these and all the other successful loan applicants are not enough to satisfy Dr. Thomas Roberts, who left the chair of economics at Villanova University to become executive director of the Small Business Opportunities Corporation. They are just beginning, he said, to realize the dimensions of the job—and of the problem.

Expanding the Benefits

The small businessman has for some time been a victim of the cult of big bigness, but many social scientists feel that his day is coming back, that people are tired of being chain-served. The Urban League estimates that there may be seven thousand small Negro businesses in Philadelphia, including the very smallest. Most of them are one-man operations, but if they had loans many of them could expand, and, like Eason

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Peel, increase employment. Since the first big wave, however, they have not come in as fast as SBOC would like.

Many who came in have not been eligible and have gone out feeling and saying that SBOC is a fake. Of those approved and given papers to fill out, half never return. The basic problem is that most men with marginal businesses, and particularly Negroes with their background of limited opportunity, simply lack the schooling to cope with the forms and requirements SBA finds necessary. Obtaining letters from two banks that have refused them loans and a signed report from an accountant on their financial position simply throws them into a panic. They also feel the loan program is not as represented. And there has been a good deal of resistance from accountants, who have been telling applicants that if they are eligible for a SBA loan they can get the money more easily from a bank. This is totally untrue of the 6-by-6 program, but the accountants have tended to exaggerate the cost of preparing a presentation and the difficulty of having a loan approved.

The Small Business Opportunities Corporation is aware of these problems and is working on them. It hopes to explain its program to every small businessman in Philadelphia before very long. It has already persuaded SBA to reduce a five-page form to two sides of a single sheet and is hoping for still more simplification. It is trying to make accountants realize that their negative attitude is losing them money. One accountant who was initially very skeptical has since brought in six applicants for 6-by-6 loans and gotten them all accepted. He now thinks the program is great. The credit man for a big dairy, curious about 6-by-6, came in with one of his firm's retailers who wanted a loan and went away promising to urge the dairy's distributors to spread the word.

MORE IMPORTANT than a loan to many small businessmen is better understanding of sound business methods and careful discussion of the project they are undertaking. They are sometimes advised not to take a loan. A young clerk in a chain food store who had a wife and two small children wanted to open his own shop. Roberts said to him: "Are you prepared to work six and a half days a week and every evening? Are you prepared for the constant worry of whether you've bought the right stock or are being undersold? Are you, in fact, willing to put your store ahead of your family or any life of

you own for years?" The clerk decided he was not.

Business-management courses are offered to any who want to take them, with evening sessions in business law, in keeping proper records, in how to hire, how to get new business, stockkeeping, and buying. Of the two hundred men and women who have already taken these courses about sixty per cent are Negroes. Half of them, surprisingly, were not even applying for loans. What they wanted most was knowhow. Peel, who took the first course, feels that he learned a great deal.

"I never knew, for instance, that I could borrow my income tax from the government," he said, meaning, no doubt, that for a six per cent penalty he could delay paying the tax and use the money temporarily for something else—steeper than an SBA loan, but with considerably less red tape, and far, far lower than the rates of any loan company.

Of the more than three hundred loans granted so far, three-quarters have been to expand existing businesses. Roberts thinks there should be many more for starting new businesses. He plans to ask the Philadelphia school system to give him the names of students who have recently graduated from the "future merchants course," which combines business training with academic work. He wants to urge them to come to see him. He hopes to develop many franchise opportunities like those suggested by the oil-company representative in Maurice Fagan's Philadelphia Fellowship Commission office, though Roberts is aware that the first step will often be to explain what the word "franchise" means.

But SBOC seems already a productive investment of Federal redevelopment funds. Extrapolating more than three hundred loans in six months over the rest of the three-year grant period should add up to nearly two thousand borrowers, of whom at least a thousand, probably, will have forged ahead. If $330,000 can help put a thousand small businesses on a sound financial basis, the average cost will be only $330 apiece. Federal officials and many other municipalities are carefully watching the program. Requests for information come in from all over the country. Similar projects to help the Small Business Administration help the really small businessman are already functioning in Pittsburgh, Harlem, and the Washington, D.C., area.

THE PROGRAM is still not quite the stimulus to Negro private enterprise that it was designed to be. Philadelphia's Negro leaders have given it little more than lip service. This is not surprising, since the Negro leadership in Philadelphia comes mainly from ministers and lawyers. Thus far, they have been too busy affirming rights, enforcing laws, and demanding equal job opportunities to see that crass, materialistic profits, if they are Negro profits, may do more for their cause than militancy. For every Negro businessman who prospers starts a chain reaction. He achieves status; he brings leadership to his neighborhood; he reduces unemployment and raises the living standard of every extra man and woman he hires; they have more to spend, which helps other Negro businesses; and so on. Perhaps there will have to be more businessmen among the Negro leaders before they add equal business opportunity to their crusades.

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The Id in March Time

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

In August, 1910, Dr. Sigmund Freud spent a whole afternoon with Gustav Mahler analyzing what he diagnosed as the composer's "mother fixation." It was a remarkably successful session. Mahler had been having trouble with his wife, Alma—had "withdrawn his libido from her," in Freud's phrase—but on the way home he already felt sufficiently recovered to write her a long love poem. Freud recalled years later having been deeply impressed by Mahler's intuitive grasp of what was involved in psychoanalysis. "I had plenty of opportunity," he wrote to Theodore Reik, "to admire the capability for psychological understanding of this man of genius."

Mahler had, in fact, arrived at a good many Freudian insights long before he actually encountered the doctor or his theories. Gifted with a neurotic's talent for self-analysis, he had discovered the unconscious in himself and had duly noted its effects on his music. "In the creative arts," he told the poet and critic Richard Specht, "virtually the only impressions that are fruitful and decisive in the long run are those that occur between the ages of four and eleven, before puberty; anything later than that is rarely turned into art."

For his own songs and symphonies he always reverted to the music he had heard as a young boy; there was something fiercely compulsive about the way he kept returning to these earliest memories as though, despite his technical perfection, he were trapped in the charmed circle of his childhood. What complicates Mahler's case is that his first impressions consisted of the most bellicose, least childlike music in existence. Born in Kalischt, Bohemia, on July 7, 1860, he was brought up in the Moravian garrison town of Iglau (Jihlava), where there was nothing to be heard but military marches and beer-hall songs. "When he was a two-year-old, his nurse used to leave him in a barracks yard while she enjoyed the company of a soldier friend," reports Bruno Walter, and at the age of four he had learned upwards of two hundred popular tunes. The story has it that "Whenever little Gustav could not be found at home, it was certain he had gone marching off with some regiment, or else he might be standing on a coffee-house table, singing his songs for a throng of customers."

Growing up at the edge of a parade ground, Mahler developed a lasting love-hate for the monotonous cadence of the Austro-German march, the blare of bugle calls, and the sinister harmonies of infantry songs. Nearly all the Mahler symphonies have at least one full-blown march movement—a funeral march, a mock-triumphal procession, or a march to the scaffold. At other times, often in the most lyrical moments, he is apt to launch into a savage parody of the old parade music, the drums lurching drunkenly, the brasses contorted into an agonized grimace. In his masterpiece, *The Song of the Earth,* when the contralto sings of maidens plucking lotus blossoms in the sunlight, a squadron of winds and percussion suddenly bursts onto the scene in a furious cavalry quickstep, provoked by nothing more martial than a reference in the text to "handsome lads on spirited horses."

This penchant for using barrack-room and beer-hall themes was bound to annoy the critics of his day. As yet deaf to the charms of surrealism in music, they came to the almost unanimous conclusion that Mahler was an "arid, banal, vulgar" composer. "His style is a mongrel affair," wrote one American critic. "The thematic material is almost entirely derivative and imitative, of an unequaled mediocrity and depressingness. One wonders whether indeed there has ever been a respectable composer who has utilized ideas as platitudinous as the ones employed in the first movement of the First Symphony. . . ."

But Mahler's platitudes belong to a very special order of banality. He can take a vulgar scrap of melody, hold it up to inspection by the flutes, deliver an ironic commentary in the horns, and fling it aside with a curse from the kettledrums. Working with two such tunes against the middle, he arrives at a new harmonic principle—dissonance by collision. The more recent modernists have written music that is much more densely dissonant than his. But Mahler demonstrates that no dissonances are quite as sharp and exciting as those which result when a predictable succession of consonances is suddenly derailed. It was on account of these discords that Brahms nominated Mahler, rather than Richard Strauss, as "king of the revolutionaries." And they help to explain why, after years of neglect, his work has caught the ear of record collectors and audiophiles—vast numbers of new Mahlerites who are fascinated by the sumptuous and excruciating tensions of this music.

During his long sessions with Freud, Mahler related an incident that sheds considerable light on his habit of falling back on commonplace tunes during moments of the most profound symphonic emotion. "Mahler's father, who appears to have been a brutal person, often ill-treated his wife," reports H. F. Redlich, a biographer who was shown Freud's psychoanalytic notes on the case. "On one occasion, when Mahler as a child witnessed a painful scene between them and rushed out of the house, he ran into an organ grinder playing the popular Viennese ditty of *O du lieber Augustin.* It was Mahler's own opinion that this clash of a tragic experience with a cheap and frivolous tune influenced his inspiration at moments of emotional tension for the rest of his life."

Mahler's youth was shaped by a long series of tragic experiences—some of them afterwards reflected in the *Kindertotenlieder,* the "Songs on the Deaths of Children." He came from a poor Jewish family in which

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only six of the twelve children lived to adolescence. One of the remaining sisters died of a brain tumor, his favorite brother succumbed to heart disease at thirteen, and another younger brother—also a gifted musician—committed suicide in his early twenties. In later years, even after his rise to fame and his conversion to Catholicism, Mahler referred to himself as a thrice homeless man: "as a Bohemian among Austrians, as an Austrian among Germans, and as a Jew among the peoples of the whole world."

He taught himself how to play the piano on an old instrument discovered in the attic of his grandparents' house, passed the entrance examination for the Vienna Conservatory at fifteen, and went on to win several prizes for piano and composition. During his school years he roomed together with the young Hugo Wolf, made friends with Anton Bruckner, and became a passionate admirer of Wagner's music dramas. At twenty, hard pressed for money, he went to work as a theatre conductor in the provinces. For several years, while he was conducting Gounod and Meyerbeer in the operatic hinterlands, there were long periods when "literally, I can hardly get out of the theatre," and even his love affairs were played backstage, between rehearsals. After both parents died in 1889 and he had to go into debt to support his younger brothers and sisters, he felt more than ever weighed down by "this endless, complicated apparatus for making money." Little time was left over for his own work. "A man who is chained to the slave galley of the theatre cannot produce as much music as one of the current concert matadors," he complained in 1896. "He can only compose on his day off."

Though his music found few admirers, he was earning a reputation as the most formidable of conductors —a superb interpreter of classics with a notoriously bad temper in dealing with musicians, managements, and prima donnas. Each time he quarreled with a board of directors there was always a better post waiting for him elsewhere. His first important assignment, in 1885, was with the German Theatre in Prague. He was appointed director of the Budapest Royal Opera at twenty-eight, went on to northern Germany as music director of the Hamburg Opera, and at thirty-seven became director of the Vienna Opera—the most exalted position in the German-speaking operatic world.

"Mahler, in aspect and gesture, seemed at once genius and demon," noted Bruno Walter, who became one of Mahler's assistants when he was only eighteen. "Never had I encountered so intense a human being; never had I dreamed that a brief, cogent word, a single compelling gesture, backed by absolute clarity of mind and intention, could fill other people with anxious terror and compel them to blind obedience." It was said that with these dark powers he could draw supernatural performances from singers who were ordinarily no better than second-rate.

MAHLER'S "golden decade" as head of the Vienna Opera, 1897-1907, was one of the now legendary epochs in the history of opera. He recruited an ensemble of splendid voices who were taught how to act as well as sing. "What you theatre people call your tradition," he told them, "is nothing but your laziness and *Schlamperei.*" The orchestra, by turns "alarmed and fascinated," played better than ever before. Working together with the revolutionary stage designer Alfred Roller, he mounted productions of *Don Giovanni, Die Walküre,* and *Falstaff,* among others, that demolished the wooden-Indian style of opera and launched a whole new way of looking at Mozart, Wagner, and Verdi. Dozens of new works were introduced to Vienna's moribund repertoire, including Tchaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin,* Charpentier's *Louise,* and Puccini's *La Bohème.*

The old Emperor Franz Josef and his heir, Franz Ferdinand, were still in the habit of playing a game of backstage musical chairs with the prima donnas of their "court" opera. When a young soprano showed up with a royal recommendation, Mahler tore up the letter before her eyes, folded his arms magisterially, and snapped: "Now let's hear you sing." And when the Kaiser himself suggested a major role for one of his protégées, Mahler sent back word that if she were to appear he would publish a special disclaimer next to her name on the program: "By highest command of His Majesty the Emperor." That put an end to further seignorial incursions at the opera house. But it was only a matter of time before the anti-Mahler faction at court—including Franz Josef's Pompadour, the actress Katherina Schratt, and his lord chamberlain, Prince Montenuovo—contrived to work up the front-office crisis that eventually led to his resignation.

"I AM GOING to America because I can't stand this rabble any more," Mahler wrote to a friend in July, 1907, after he had decided to leave Vienna. During that same disastrous summer the older of his two infant daughters died of diphtheria, his young wife fell gravely ill, and doctors discovered that Mahler himself was suffering from a serious heart ailment. Though warned to avoid all physical strain, he agreed to conduct German operas at the Metropolitan the following season. In New York he hoped to find "a fruitful soil for my works, and at the same time a spiritual home, which I have not been able to win in Europe, despite all the sensational publicity."

He made his Metropolitan debut on New Year's Day, 1908, conducting a memorable performance of *Tristan und Isolde* with Heinrich Knote and Olive Fremstad. Later that season he conducted "breathlessly intense" versions of *Die Walküre, Siegfried, Fidelio,* and *Don Giovanni.* It was a day of operatic cornucopias; the *Don Giovanni,* for example, had a cast headed by Scotti, Chaliapin, Bonci, Eames, Gadski, and Sembrich. As usual, despite his success, there were managerial complications. Mahler had been hired by the outgoing director, Heinrich Conried, and his presence was a diplomatic embarrassment to the incoming régime of Giulio Gatti-Casazza and Arturo Toscanini. As a result, during the following season Mahler shifted his attention from the opera house to the concert hall and became conductor of the New York Philharmonic. Though the orchestra's standards left something to be desired—"If only my musicians were a little bit better!"—he and his wife were delighted with

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life in the United States. "We are very much attracted by the freshness, honesty, and vigor of conditions here. The *future* is everywhere." For the first time in his life he was being well paid for his labors, and enjoying the novelty of it: "The dollar *doesn't rule here,*" he explained to Alfred Roller. "It is just easier to earn."

During the 1909-1910 season he conducted a marathon series of forty-six Philharmonic concerts, and the following winter he was in the midst of a still more arduous schedule when he suddenly collapsed with a streptococcus infection after the concert of February 21, 1911. Early in April he was taken to France in hopes that doctors there could save his life. But after weeks of fever, first in Paris, then in a Vienna sanatorium, he died shortly after midnight on May 18. His funeral was the occasion for one of those public demonstrations of respect and affection with which Vienna traditionally buries its neglected prodigal sons.

MAHLER was fifty when he died. He had won a sovereign place among conductors and had completed nine massive symphonies and six major song cycles. It was his special misfortune that these two sides of his talent usually worked at cross-purposes; that there was never a way of reconciling the (pragmatic) conductor to the (visionary) composer. He called himself, rather bitterly, a *Sommerkomponist,* for nearly all of his works were written during the summer vacations when he could escape "this terrible treadmill of the theatre" and spend his days outdoors in rural Austria—"roaming over mountains and through forests, and carrying off my day's bag of sketches in swift raids . . . ." Once when Bruno Walter went to visit him at Steinbach on the Attersee and stopped to admire the mountain peaks, Mahler told him: "Don't bother to look—I've composed all this already."

The symphonies are as full of nature symbols as an apple tree in bloom. "My music is always and everywhere like a sound of nature," he wrote, to explain why the first movement of the First Symphony is headed *"wie ein Naturlaut."*

Mahler drew vast, cosmic conclusions from his annual encounter with the mountains and duly incorporated them into his scores. It was an age that demanded a certain amount of philosophical profundity from its symphonies, and he was more than happy to oblige. "The symphony must be like the world," he told Sibelius. "It must embrace everything." The results are sometimes maddeningly metaphysical. In the Second Symphony (1894), a huge fresco of death and immortality culminates in the great choral cry of "Resurrection!" The Third (1896) is a nearly two-hour hymn to nature that has "Summer Marching In" and reveals, among other things, "What the Flowers in the Meadow Tell Me." The Fourth (1900) presents a child's-eye view of paradise, based on an old folk rhyme about the heavenly joys. The Eighth (1907) —the so-called "Symphony of a Thousand"—is nothing less than a giant religious ceremonial for up to eleven hundred performers, combining the medieval Latin hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* with Goethe's intimations of immortality from the final scene of *Faust.*

Perhaps, as Bruno Walter says, Mahler was more inclined to "write music as a musician" in the symphonies without words. Yet even these instrumental "abstractions" seem to follow the plot of some unwritten scenario, as though to confirm Mahler's thesis that "There is no modern music which does not have its *inner* program." The Fifth Symphony has its enigmatic funeral march and trumpet calls. The Sixth (1904) is punctuated with alpine cowbells—a lonely view of the world from on high?—and three ringing hammer blows of "Fate." The Seventh (1905) has more mysterious cowbells and weird, romantic *Nachtmusiken.* In the Ninth (1909), Alban Berg could hear "death announcing himself." And in the margins of his sketches for his last, unfinished symphony, Mahler jotted notes for an "inner program" of love and the afterlife, the inferno and purgatorio, death and transfiguration.

This is the "Tenth Symphony" that has just been added to the Mahler repertoire. It had been left as a torso of two hundred pages, partly as a sketch, partly in full score. A two-movement arrangement

MAHLER ON MICROGROOVE

Leonard Bernstein and the late Bruno Walter have recorded most of the symphonies stereophonically for Columbia. This selective discography also includes some notable performances under two important European Mahlerites, Otto Klemperer and Paul Kletzki.

SYMPHONY No. 1 IN D. Kletzki, Vienna Philharmonic (Angel S-35913); Walter, Columbia Symphony (Col. MS 6394).

SYMPHONY No. 2 IN C MINOR, "Resurrection." Cundari, Forrester, Walter, N.Y. Philharmonic, Westminster Choir (Columbia M2S 601); Schwarzkopf Rössl-Majdan, Klemperer, Philharmonia Orchestra (Angel S 3634).

SYMPHONY No. 3 IN D MINOR. Bernstein, N.Y. Philharmonic (Columbia M2S 675).

SYMPHONY No. 4 IN G. Grist, Bernstein, N.Y. Philharmonic (Columbia MS 6152).

SYMPHONY No. 5 IN C SHARP MINOR. Bernstein, N.Y. Philharmonic (Columbia M2S 698).

SYMPHONY No. 6 IN A MINOR. Flipse, Rotterdam Philharmonic (2 Epic SC-6012).

SYMPHONY No. 7 IN E MINOR. Scherchen, Vienna State Opera Orchestra (2 Westminster 2221).

SYMPHONY No. 8 IN E FLAT. Part I: Bernstein, N.Y. Philharmonic (Columbia L2S 1008); Entire: Flipse, Rotterdam Philharmonic (2 Epic SC 6004).

SYMPHONY No. 9 IN D MAJOR. Walter, Columbia Symphony (Columbia M2S 676).

SYMPHONY No. 10 (Krenek version). Szell, Cleveland Orchestra (Epic BC 1024).

THE SONG OF THE EARTH (DAS LIED VON DER ERDE). Walter, N.Y. Philharmonic, with Miller and Häfliger (Columbia M2S 617); Kletzki, Philharmonia Orchestra, with Dickie and Fischer-Dieskau (2 Angel S-3607).

SONGS OF A WAYFARER. Fischer-Dieskau, Furtwängler, Philharmonia Orchestra (Angel 35522).

KINDERTOTENLIEDER. Anderson, Monteux, San Francisco Symphony (Victor LM 1146); Flagstad, Boult, Vienna Philharmonic (London 25039).

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was made by Ernst Krenek in the 1920's, and a full five-movement reconstruction was undertaken in the 1950's by the British musicologist Deryck Cooke. His orchestration—"eighty-five per cent Mahler and fifteen per cent 'putty' "—had its concert premiere this summer under Berthold Goldschmidt, on the August 13 program of the London Symphony Orchestra. Some of the experts said it was a sacrilege; others presented Cooke with a Mahler Society medal. Most of the younger Mahlerites were simply happy to have more of his music, even in somewhat dubious form. The old-school critics still talked about the theological implications—"a document of victory over the terrors of the unknown, asserting the victory of faith," is what the *Times* called it.

IF MAHLER had not done more than this—lecture the world on faith and transmogrification—he would now be a forgotten composer. Modern audiences, dry-eyed and non-Nietzschean, have shown an understandable resistance to the mystical maunderings of the Mauve Decade. But Mahler's metaphysics have become secondary and expendable; a new generation has learned to value him for other things. His sarcasm is one of the saving graces—the curious way in which his music mocks and parodies its own highest aspirations. There is hardly a statement or a sentiment in any of the symphonies that is not instantly contradicted by a shrug in the rhythm or a hoarse laugh in the bassoons.

His greatest discovery was the possibility of a new ambivalence in music. Except for Berlioz there had never been anything like it in symphonic history—this polyphony of ideas as well as sounds, this sense of a work moving on several levels at once. Not small-scale surrealism like the fur-lined teacup or the ice cube in the birdcage, but oversize and time-consuming—the stream of unconsciousness in march time. What he says about paradise is negligible, but he speaks all the more eloquently about himself and the artist's condition. Never was a more brilliant technique placed at the service of a more fascinating neurosis. How fortunate that Dr. Freud came too late to cure him of it.

The Beast Under the Porch

GERALD WEALES

WHEN *The Night of the Iguana* opened on Broadway in December, 1961, some of the critics welcomed it as an indication that Tennessee Williams had moved away from his customary violence toward a new compassion. The movement, however, was within Williams's home circle. What he offered his characters and presumably his audience was the comfort of making do, which is what he has been offering since *The Glass Menagerie* turned him overnight into a major playwright in 1945. He has always been concerned with the sufferers, the extrasensitive—the cripples, the artists, the madmen—who are strangers in an alien universe and a tormenting world. Sometimes, as with Blanche in *A Streetcar Named Desire,* he has destroyed them; more often, he has let them keep on struggling. The only consolation he ever offers them is the kind that Hannah Jelkes offers in *Iguana:* "Broken gates between people so they can reach each other, even if it's just for one night only."

But there is a certain softness about *Iguana.* In his earlier plays, Williams's reachers, so self-absorbed in their desperation, were often as cruel as the world they pulled away from. *Iguana* is really a kind of conversion play in which Miss Jelkes persuades the Reverend Shannon to quit fighting a God who will not fight back, to stop wanting to preach the truth, and to start offering the comfort of illusion to those who need it. There is no victory here. At best Shannon will be able to stand off his "spook" as Miss Jelkes does her "blue devil." What we get is William Faulkner's Nobel speech turned upside down: man will not prevail, he will endure.

The Night of the Iguana has now become a film. John Huston, as director and co-author of the screenplay (with Anthony Veiller), has taken over the Williams play lock, stock, and message. Once again Hannah Jelkes (the painter), her grandfather (the poet), and Shannon (the priest) seek haven in a decaying hotel on the Mexican coast. Once again the iguana does its symbolic work; tied beneath the verandah, scratching to get free, waiting to be eaten, it represents the human characters. "Can you look at me and tell me truthfully that you don't know it's able to feel pain and panic?" asks Miss Jelkes, and Shannon answers question with question, "You mean it's one of God's creatures?" Once again, Shannon cuts the iguana free, indicating he has accepted Miss Jelkes's belief that man can be kind even if an indifferent God cannot. Giving and taking his bit of comfort, he stays with Maxine, the tough-talking hotel owner, while Miss Jelkes goes on, alone now that her grandfather has died. The situation, the characters, the ending, even most of the lines are those of Tennessee Williams.

THERE ARE changes, of course, but most of them are implicit in the Williams play. Huston has extended the list of the lost and lonely to include not only Maxine but Miss Fellowes, the lesbian chaperone, who was never more than a caricature in the Broadway original. Even the ladies on the bus tour are as pathetic as they are funny, with something of the trapped iguana about them. What Huston seems to have done is to accept Williams's view of the human condition and to have attempted to show it also in the peripheral characters whom Williams used as comic villains. Only the teenage sexpot fails to receive Huston's benediction, but apparently she is used to illustrate the kind of self-preoccupation that Shannon finally overcomes. Except for the uplift music in the last scene, which almost turns the playwright's conclusion into a conventional happy ending, Huston has remained—in spirit and fact—close to the source of his movie.

The film, in being faithful, has borrowed some of the faults of the play. *Iguana* is late Williams, which means lifeless Williams. An idea is presented; images are introduced and manipulated; the verbal ex-

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changes have "meaning" rather than dramatic vitality. Since he is dealing not with real people in a real world but with illustrative figures in an allegorical one, Huston keeps close to his hotel, an artificial setting for all that the film was done on location. None of the introductory material has the feeling of the opening scenes of *The Treasure of Sierra Madre,* in which Huston's moral tale is told through flesh-and-blood characters in a tangible Mexico. In one scene, Huston even managed to get unlikely underpants on every romping infant playing in a stream. For the most part—except for some attractive footage of an actual iguana—Huston concentrated on the characters, usually showing them in close-up. There are a few remarkable shots—one of the aged poet reciting his last poem—but the close-ups seem designed mainly to insist on the validity of characters who are really no more than verbalizations.

ALL THIS puts a tremendous burden on the performers. Only Richard Burton and Grayson Hall bear it with much distinction. Burton, after the leaden dullness of his Antony, is surprisingly good as Shannon, reading Williams's lines to get the ironic best out of them. He almost convinces me that a man in pain is looking down from the screen—quite a feat, since Shannon's suffering is commented on more often than it is shown. Miss Hall, one of the most uncontrolled actresses that off-Broadway has turned up, is kept in check by Huston. She overstates Miss Fellowes but in a way that is effective and, on occasion, affecting. Her hysterical scene at the ocean's edge—Huston's invention—is the one moment that the film lifts from statement to action. Deborah Kerr's Miss Jelkes is as healthy as her Anna in *The King and I,* and Ava Gardner's Maxine is never believable on the bawdy surface or beneath it.

Williams' play and Huston's film are of a piece. Both are honorable, often ponderous attempts to say something serious about the way men live. I found myself wishing for the Williams of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and the Huston of *The Maltese Falcon,* longing for the days before the idea swallowed the art.

BOOKS

'Never the Whole Truth'

GEORGE STEINER

CORRIDORS OF POWER, by C. P. Snow. *Scribner's. $5.95.*

Speculating about the mysterious go-betweens who allegedly link rising politicians with the press, Hector Rose, one of the senior civil servants in *Corridors of Power,* compares them to some species still in doubt like "the plesiosaur in Loch Ness." In ordinary speech and in the great majority of novels, the phrase would be "the Loch Ness monster." C. P. Snow's preference for the exact term works in many interesting ways. It declares a writer who is intent on making available to fiction and the literate imagination the wealth and scruple of the language of science. It is a touch precisely appropriate to the frosty, devious formality of Sir Hector, but no less so to the wary and at times self-chaffing style of Lewis Eliot, the narrator of the novel and of the entire *Strangers and Brothers* series. Finally, "plesiosaur" has an exact relevance to the point being made; the scientific term leaves open the possibility that these shadowy link-men of politics and Fleet Street do exist, that they occasionally surface. "Monster," with its banal, mythical overtones, would miss the mark.

This kind of authority, the play of a profoundly disciplined intelligence over material thoroughly governed and of great urgency and fascination, is at work throughout the novel. This is the story of Roger Quaife, a Conservative member of Parliament. His political star is rising, and the start of the novel shows how the various centers of political power and maneuver—the press, the permanent civil service, the country-house set—react to the personality and presence of a "coming man." Quaife is appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Defence, a post regarded by rivals and pundits as political quicksand. But Quaife's ambitions are complex. Beyond a political career—and the man is bent for the top—Quaife catches a vision of historical possibility. Backed by his scientific advisers and by the edgy insights of an American physicist (a brilliant portrait whose original might be found not too far from Morningside Heights), Quaife wishes to lead the party toward the start of nuclear retrenchment, toward the strategic and political realities of England's actual nuclear position.

To do so, he must undermine and replace his minister, Lord Gilbey, one of those personages Snow delights in. He is a maddening old Blimp, full of military pomp, snobbery, and antique circumstance. He neither exercises power nor allows those better qualified to assume any part of his prerogatives. But whereas the more enlightened intellectuals and scientists who have to deal with him merely regard him as a maddening nullity, Lewis Eliot comes to discern in Gilbey a code of courage and a style not without value. This is one of the major motifs of *Strangers and Brothers.* The old snobberies, the old-boy network and amateur muddling, must go if England is to survive, if it is to meet the twentieth century. But they go at a price, and the cool efficiencies of "the new men" often disguise a moral void, a smallness of heart. The scene of Gilbey's fall—after reading the Prime Minister's letter, the old warhorse says. "He ought to have come himself. . . . It's not *very* far"—has a rich troubled irony.

HAVING ACHIEVED power, Quaife begins regrouping the political, industrial, and scientific forces involved in the formulation of defense policy. The Cambridge physicists, whom we have met in *The Light and the Dark, The Masters, The New Men,* and *The Affair,* give their anxious support. To them, England's commitment to the further "escalation" of an independent deterrent is materially ruinous and morally absurd. Opposed to them is

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Dr. Brodzinski, a Polish scientist whose personality and search for messianic possibilities of victory over Communism recall the presence and views of Edward Teller. Lewis Eliot is profoundly engaged in the moral and political issue. He is committed, perhaps more than a civil servant should be, to the views of his former Cambridge colleagues and of his new parliamentary master. But it is here that Snow's principal gift, the keynote of his art, emerges most convincingly. It is an essential impartiality and generosity of imagination. Brodzinski is no contemptible figure. His cause may be founded on appalling misjudgment, and he will worsen it by his tactics, but a deeply felt truth lives behind the man's "splendid, passionate, luminous eyes."

Quaife has other enemies. There are direct political competitors, colleagues who would like to see him stumble on the narrow way to Downing Street. There are sincere backwoodsmen in the party to whom the notion of England's diminished status is intolerable. There are business interests with defense contracts to guard. Snow excels at rendering the swirl and eddy of technical maneuver, the muted savageries of infighting in lobbies and committee rooms, the art of compromise and power barter. He simply *knows* more than any novelist since Henry Adams about the way in which politicians and high servants of state actually get their business done, what language they use, what tricks of loyalty or betrayal. But the point he is making and the fineness of the critique lie deeper.

As the novel builds up, we come to realize that the motives behind a political and moral position are never wholly pure, that there is in even the most open, humanely argued conviction a complex web of ambitions, hopes, or self-interest. Hence, suggests Snow, political decisions are never the whole truth, and those who take an opposing line are never completely without merit. The very process of decision must be understood as provisional and in need of ironic vigilance. Absolutism is bad politics, as it is false psychology and false morals. And it is precisely because he is himself prone to doubts and unsettling memories that

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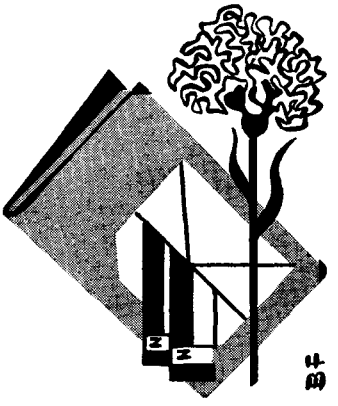
Lewis Eliot is able to dramatize Snow's essential notion of the imperfect.

Though the rumblings in his party deepen, though Brodzinski attempts political character assassination, though David Rubin (the scientific *éminence grise* from America) grows wary and warns that the time is not yet, Quaife presses on. Are his own motives entirely clear? What part is vision, what part an obscure Narcissism—the fascination of a man who sees himself at the center of conflicting historical possibilities—and what part the calculated risk of a politician seeking an entente with the future? Lewis Eliot is not sure, and the central relationship of the novel, his personal and official alliance with the minister, stays unresolved.

The climax is a Parliamentary debate on the White Paper in which Quaife sets forth his policy. Deserted by some of his own Tory colleagues, bereft of American support, seconded by a team of civil servants who are themselves restive or divided, Quaife makes his plea. He argues that few if any of us "can comprehend what our world is like, now that we're living with the bomb." If we go on making and testing bombs, "then before too long a time, the worst will happen." Let us take a small step back from the edge. That is "a small risk, which may do good, as opposed to a great risk which would certainly do harm." When the votes have been counted, Quaife leaves the House utterly defeated. Ahead lies the oblivion of the ex-politician. He has been right too soon.

The rise and fall of Roger Quaife reaches deep into a weft of private lives. The obscure but robust quality of Quaife's commitment derives, in part, from the very source of his tactical weakness. His aristocratic marriage is breaking up and he is having an affair with the wife of an ailing Conservative member. Ellen Smith is one of Snow's most convincing women; her quality of intelligence and striving remains feminine. A number of ends are left deliberately loose with a view to the two novels yet to come in the eleven volumes of *Strangers and Brothers*. But around the core of nervous intrigue, lightly sketched, lies London and the play of season and weather over the vast city.

Snow's success in *Corridors of Power* has sources that are both technical and moral. The novel is almost all dialogue and scenario. The successful adaptation of several of the previous novels to the theatre has obviously fascinated Snow. *Corridors of Power* has the sinew and economy of a play. There is no waste motion in dialogue or setting and the "big scenes" are carefully spaced. Being wholly articulate, the treatment of feeling has less inwardness than in *The Light and the Dark* or *Homecoming*. But that is one of the points Snow is making. Because it relies so heavily on the authority of public utterance or planned confidence, because it dissociates intimate fears and ambitions from what can and must be said, the life of politics takes its special toll. It is life at the surface.



Its responsibilities are finer than the intellectual or artist tends to allow, because they engage action. But they do not always involve or educate the whole man.

THE QUALITY of the book also has its more personal, urgent aspect. Here Snow has found a theme to which the public man is as deeply committed as is the writer of fiction. More than in any of the previous volumes, the voice of Lewis Eliot blends into that of Snow. Time and again, we are hearing a personal statement of political belief:

"I thought it was obvious that the Revolution in Russia was going to run into some major horrors of power. . . . But that isn't all. I always believed that the power was working two ways. They were doing good things with it, as well as bad. When once they got some insight into the horrors, then they might create a wonderful society. I now believe that, more confidently than I ever did. How it will compare with the American society, I don't know. But so long as they both survive, I should have thought that many of the best human hopes stand an excellent chance."

Not everyone will agree with Snow. The success of the Russian and American modes of life (Snow was one of the first to discern and state their profound similarities) is achieved at a great price. Many of the qualities that Snow himself has come to regard skeptically and that are, at moments, absent from his novels—silence, privacy, the relationship of the individual to his own death, the shaping encounter between human beings and an ungoverned landscape, the chance to hammer out one's own life uncompelled by criteria of material comparison—these qualities are not always allowed free play. But Snow's conviction has the strength and largesse of hope. Nor can there be any dissent from the plea made over and over in this novel that there are no simple solutions, no blacks and whites, that it is the supreme task of present politics to acquire enough knowledge so as to grow diffident and flexible in its strategies. "Either way, the slick answers were all wrong."

Snow pays his reader the compliment of regarding him as an adult. By implication, he suggests that though sexual life is crucial in human affairs, the physical details should not be the sole or dominant theme of modern fiction. And on every page, he argues for tolerance, for generosity of judgment. The plot, though finely managed, is not Snow's principal concern. In general outline, and even in such details as the interview with the secret service, the clash at the committee meeting, the dramatic vote, *Corridors of Power* resembles *The New Men* and *The Affair*. Lewis Eliot himself remarks that the circumstances in which he is involved closely recall those of *The Masters*. What preoccupies Snow is the problem of information and motive in democratic government, the mystery of how the political process is to absorb and handle the immense powers of the new scientific arsenal. There could hardly be a more urgent theme.

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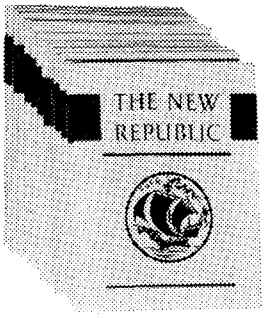

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Grieving, Going On

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

NO LONGER THAN A SIGH, by Anne Philipe. Translated from the French by Cornelia Schaeffer. *Atheneum. $2.95.*

The separation by death of two human beings who love each other is perhaps the greatest misfortune known to man. "Never more." Those two words evoke an immediate and total response in every heart. But one does not create a masterpiece simply by writing them down, and if Anne Philipe's book is successful, it is because she has been able to transcend the literal horror of her subject matter.

One autumn morning in Paris in 1959, Gérard Philipe, perhaps the greatest French actor of his generation, died of cancer at thirty-seven. He had always protected his private life against publicity; it was known only that he had two children, that he was happily married to a young woman whose photograph rarely appeared in print. That young woman, Anne Philipe, hesitated for a long time, for two years, before writing this book about her husband's death. Above all she feared, with good reason, that she would seem to be exploiting her husband's popularity and the morbid curiosity that unavoidably surrounded the circumstances of his death. She was afraid that anything she would say about him, any words she would put in his mouth, would be a betrayal. To write the truth would be to lay bare all that for years she and her husband had taken pains to keep private; to attempt a fictional account would be futile, since the public would insist it was not fiction anyway.

The dilemma was a false one; there was a way out. One could deal with happiness, death, despair, and the great love of a woman's life, without resorting to embarrassing personal detail. Anne Philipe uses the humblest gestures, the most familiar scenes: a walk in Paris on a snowy night, the arrival together at a country house, the sound of a step on the stairway, talks and plans. When *No Longer Than a Sigh* came out last year in France—it won the Prix Femina—many letters came from young people who thought it one of the most beautiful love stories of our day. They seemed totally unaware that the book had another subject: death. It is true that at a time when literature is so apt to confuse love and eroticism Anne Philipe's book strikes a fresher note: "For me, nothing is as beautiful as a couple, and when people say that love implies the loss of freedom and independence, I wonder if they and I are talking about the same emotion." As for promiscuity: "Nothing is less adventurous than sexual adventures, because one gives away nothing that is essential. . . ."

THIS IS also the story of a crisis of conscience. When the doctors tell the young woman that her husband is dying of cancer, she immediately decides to keep the truth from him. The lie costs her much, for she and her husband shared a horror of untruth. By withholding so terrible a truth from her husband, she was deliberately opening an abyss between them: "I was rehearsing the scene I would play for you, which was all that was left of our life together. Our last glance as a couple, from equal to equal, had been when the orderly put you on the rolling stretcher. . . . Ten times a day I came toward you with the truth on my lips. . . . I imagined what these same movements would have been had I spoken. There would have been the presence of death hovering over you each moment till the end; although for me there would have been the terrible relief of weeping in your arms, and of speaking our happiness."

To the very end she denied herself that relief; she never spoke. " 'I'll be working in March,' you said, and then you added: 'I'm happy. . . .' It was like a whiplash, or was it like a dagger wound—or the most marvelous caress? I betrayed you with a clear-eyed look that lied to you for the first time. I was leading you to the edge of the abyss, and proudly. I was ashamed, but was acting because something even stronger, even more imperious than my love of truth, which had, until now, always come first, was pushing me to do this."

It was only in writing her book that Anne Philipe was able finally to free herself of her lie. It was then that she could give away to anguish, doubt, and pain, pouring out her grief to him who could no longer hear. But there was no remorse for what she had done. She felt that her love justified her; as for public opinion, she did not care.

"I want to save myself, not deliver myself from you." These words conclude *No Longer Than a Sigh,* and they indicate a third theme in the book: the reacceptance of life. Her husband's death came a little sooner than had been expected and her despair was the harder because she did not believe in an afterlife. Her questions were the usual ones: what is man? what is pain? what is separation? what is time? what are good and evil? Philosophical answers cannot assuage those whose very flesh cries out for certitude. Anne Philipe had to find her own answers. It would be in her own image—unsentimental, demanding, and elegant. It would not be the return of happiness, but possibly the return of strength, the expectation and the promise of a certain peace. "I know that life still fascinates me."

ALL SUCCESSFUL BOOKS carry within them a "message." Writers protest that they are not trying to prove anything; they are simply expressing themselves, describing life as they see it. But that precisely is what makes this message. If Anne Philipe's strikes so clear a note, it is because at great personal cost she gives an answer to the most terrible threat of all: the end of happiness, the loss of a loved one. Many cannot face the prospect. I too would die, they say. One does not die, answers Anne Philipe. There is another road.

To Christians, accepting and mastering the concept of nothingness may seem a road of despair; and it is true that for Anne Philipe the wall between the living and the dead cannot be scaled. But many Christians will understand and approve her refusal to remain in sorrow, her determination to share the common fate with modesty and courage. "I have always preferred happy people," she still insists.

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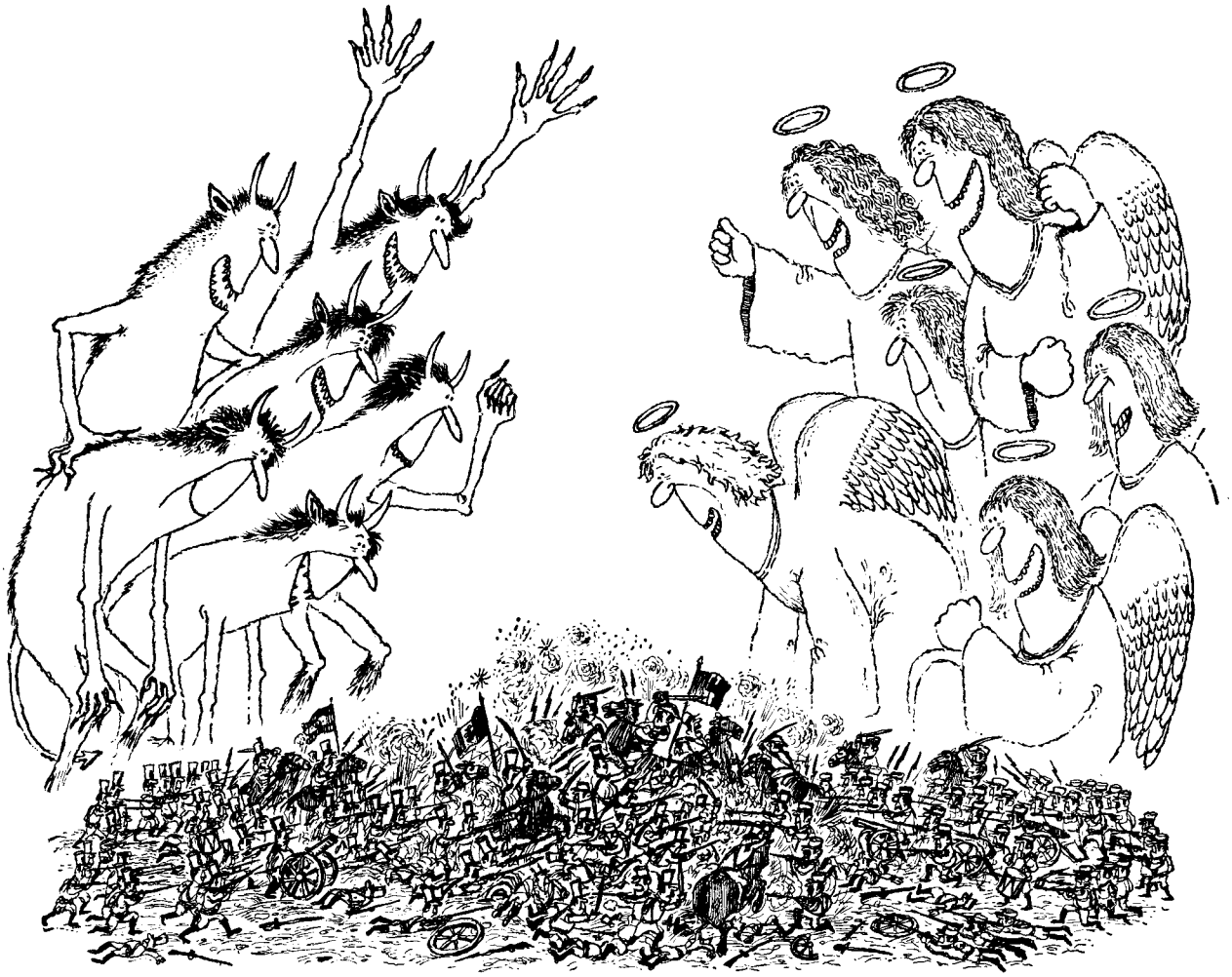

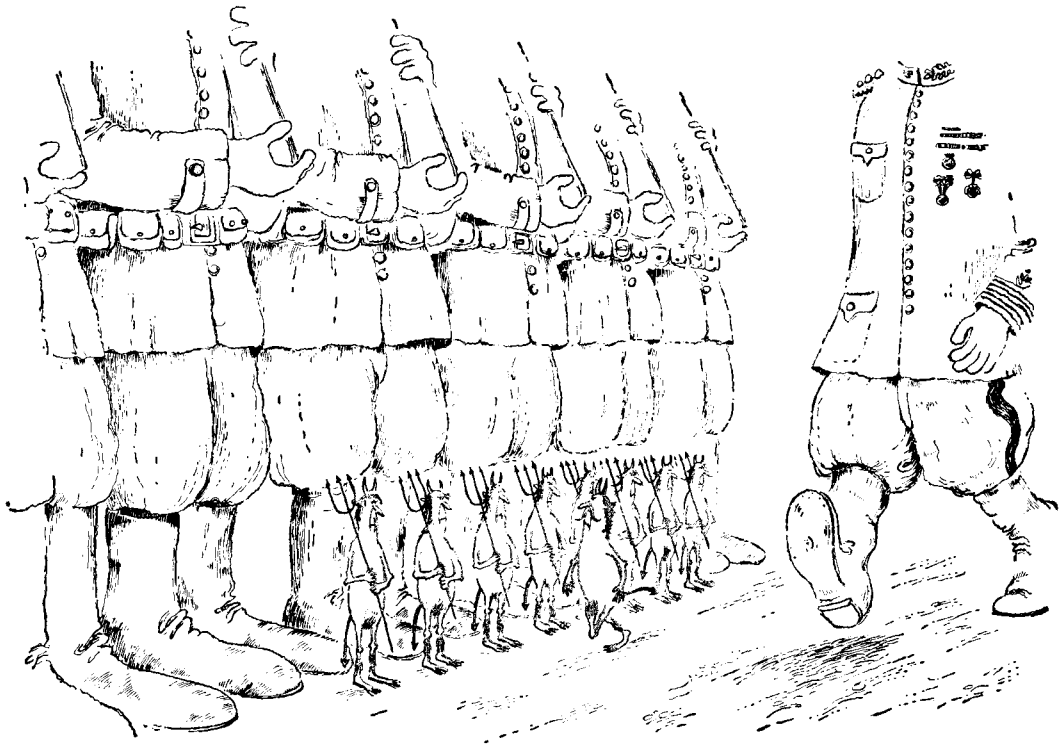

Good against Evil

by Fernando Krahn

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BOOK NOTES

How to Succeed in Company Politics: The Strategy of Executive Success, by Edward J. Hegarty. *McGraw-Hill. $5.95.*

Sex and the Office, by Helen Gurley Brown. *Geis. $4.95.*

Time was when people went to the office to work. They exchanged their labor for wages. But times have changed, according to Mr. Hegarty, a management consultant who advises the fellows (his word), and Miss Brown, who has some tips for the ladies (hardly the word).

"To be or not to be, that is the question. To be one of the members of the hierarchy, or to be a good old Bill." Good old Bill is a failure. He says what he thinks, has the temerity to take sides, dismisses the country club as an extravagance, and —ultimate horror—wears his pen and pencil exposed. (Executives don't.) To avoid turning into a good old Bill is the consummation devoutly to be wished, and Mr. Hegarty's primer is designed to forestall just that. Office politics may make a man appear "shrewd, scheming, cunning, but most of the time he has to know the score. If he doesn't, Number One's interests might go into a slump." Since this would never do, Number One is advised to concentrate on appearing rather than on being competent. He is told that conforming is as essential as sacrificing "the wife" and "the son." "Leave us not kid ourselves either about what is needed to get to the top." The rising executive must make no errors in English (the author makes plenty); he must, however, shun the big words because their usage might peg him as a stuffed shirt. He must always seem alert, alive, and unworried, look like a man "that thinks things are right with the world." Tough decisions will arise on the road to glory. What to do about old useless friends? Drop them. What to do about a vote and a church that differ from those of the boss? Change them. What, after all, is the profit in being thought different? Finally, the author invokes the blessing of God, hitherto inconspicuous in his pages, on the image-projector.

Miss Brown's operation is a little more complicated. Her Sammy runs not on ambition alone but on unbridled passion—the pleasure principle, not so pure, not so simple. "In an ideal world, we might move onward and upward by using only our brains and talent but, since this is an imperfect world, a certain amount of listening, giggling, wriggling, smiling, winking, flirting, and fainting is required in our rise from the mail room." She too recommends the assumption of the employer's vote and of the sunny face. "Make-up and live." To give the impression of literacy, the lady will invest five dollars in a batch of secondhand books to decorate her office, which already contains a chinning bar and a small red carpet for floor naps. Surprisingly, she is advised to work hard: "Being great at a terrific job is sexy." She will butter up everyone, even the creeps, and she will change her terms of endearment monthly: "lamb chop," "dreamboat," "mushroom" and "cutie pie" are samples. There is a short survival course in jungle warfare, and another in the mechanics of the lunchtime affair complete with recipes for the feeding of boss and/or lesser lover. The menu is unnerving, and the pussycat who undertakes, as the book suggests, to cook onions "until opaque" will find herself in almost as much trouble as the one who adopts the non-culinary rules.

Consider the collision of interests, should Miss Brown's lady—always on the prowl, always coming on so strenuously charmwise—find herself in the same organization with Mr. Brown's grimly careful man. She would talk to him in terms such as woofed and pippy-poo. He would reply—if he got the message—in Basic English. At noon, she would seek to stuff him with "fishy fodder for a lover." He would want to socialize (his word) with the bandwagon boys. On weekends, she might want to pursue him. He would be too busy worshiping at the church of the boss's choice. With so much hanky-panky and with such a fundamental problem in communication, their work might even suffer.

—Nora Magid

Youth Is Impatient

Lowell and Regina revered one another deeply but they had no
place to go.
Once, however, a friend of Lowell's was called away and they
went to his apartment.
The first afternoon they found they were able to engage some
seven or eight-odd times;
Clearly, the proceedings were more than just idle recreation
for these two young people.
And so Lowell went out and bought a loaf of bread and a jar
of homogenized peanut butter.
For several days they stuck to engaging and eating peanut butter
sandwiches.
One evening Lowell's friend returned and said, "Hey, what's going
on here?"
At a signal, they hit him with his own andiron and cut him up
in small pieces suitable for brown paper bags.
Occasionally the phone rang, but it was only for Lowell's friend,
and they said he was still away; nothing disturbed them or interfered.
About Thursday of the following week they began to wish something
would disturb them or interfere.
The superintendent of the apartment house came for the rent—
it was the andiron and the bags again, but without so much
conviction this time.
The engaging was still all right, but it somehow didn't seem like
enough all by itself.
"Regina," Lowell said finally, "this whole matter has turned out
differently than we had anticipated.
It appears that love, in order to grow, must have roots in an
active community of friends and work."
And so, reluctantly, they locked the apartment, slid the key
under the door, and went their separate ways.

—N. L. S. Sand

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THE GLOUCESTER BRANCH, by John Leggett. *Harper & Row. $4.95.*

Novels of grand passion seem to be going the way of big cities; only the very rich and the very poor inhabit them these days. The American novel, like so many of us, has moved to the suburbs where apparently everyone is middle-income, middle-class, and middle-aged, and the soul is snugly fenced from storms. Oh, there is weary wife-swapping, one hears, and power struggles on the school board. There are private crises in suburbia, as everywhere. But the commuters, after all, have *chosen* their own tightly controlled way of life. Behind their hedges—and in the suburban novel—passion may not trespass.

If there are any Emma Bovarys in Follyhead, the North Shore Boston suburb served by the Boston & Maine's Gloucester branch, John Leggett has not sought to find them. As in his fine first novel, *Wilder Stone,* Mr. Leggett is concerned with tracing the filaments of the web that binds a man to his place in life, recording the struggles he makes before the final accommodation to his fate. Mr. Leggett's ability to create flesh-and-blood characters in both novels is impressive; what he does with them in *The Gloucester Branch,* however, suffers by comparison with *Wilder Stone.* Wilder was a well-meaning but ineffectual shabby-genteel snared in anguishing emotional ties and crippled by passivity. His struggles were painful and moving. Sam Fayles, the up-and-coming investment analyst who rides the Gloucester branch, is ineffectual, too, if less well-meaning. The account of Sam's crises at the office and in his relations with his wife and his fantasy outlet—two clean women who smell of the same soap—are painful, all right, but not moving. Wilder Stone was an object of compassion, Fayles is selfish and dumb.

Everyone who has a suburban house, a Volkswagen Microbus, a charge account at Brooks Brothers, or the like, will relish Mr. Leggett's touch with detail. His tone and accent are impeccable. Detail, indeed, is the hallmark of the suburban American novel, from Pottstown to Pride's Crossing. Alas, it is no substitute for art. —D. A. A.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 110

by HENRY ALLEN

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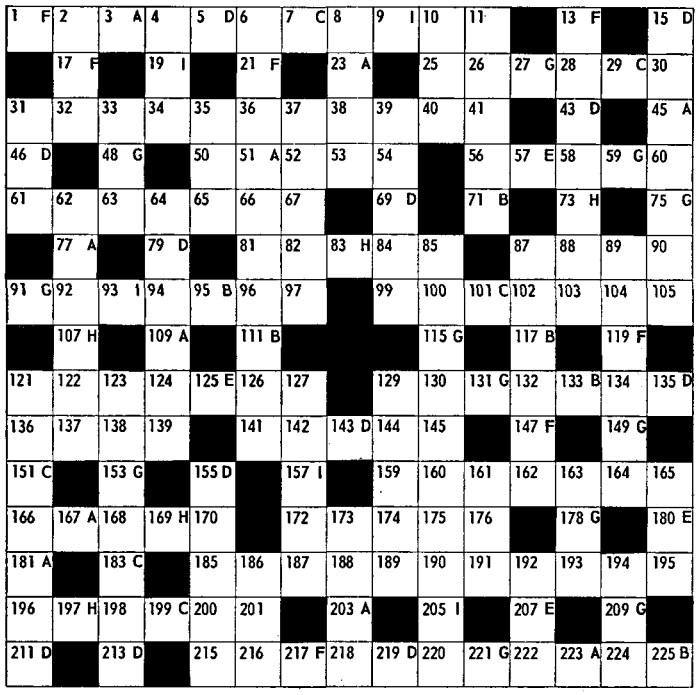
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
45 3 23 223 167 109 181 51 203 77 A national monument and navigable river in Virginia.

B
133 95 111 71 117 225 "_____a cat before the fire." Proverbial (4,2).

C
29 199 7 101 183 151 Blue-penciler.

D
15 69 219 135 143 155 79 46 211 213 5 43 Hatch-marked.

E
180 57 207 125 Whitman, for instance.

F
1 147 17 119 13 217 21 Band leader from Arabia (3,4).

G
91 153 75 209 27 131 178 221 115 48 149 59 Ferdinand of Naples was one (8,4).

H
169 197 107 73 83 "Troy passed away in one high funeral_____." Yeats, "The Rose of the World."

I
19 157 93 205 9 Cry in the arena for a fallen gladiator.

ACROSS

1. That pasta recipe one values.
25. The ranter or Ariel in another guise.
31. The ends of present problems or promises for the future.
50. Pigpens may be eyesores.
56. Tending to droop, but shaggy? H--, no!
61. The disputant finds an animal about a flying one.
81. Pay up at the Mitre.
87. It's easy to shock nuts.
91. What 25 across does and was paid to rub.
99. The actor Joseph and his brethren make Gossipium to the ear.
121. A Southern farmer who has a punch!
129. Populations or else, Pop!
136. Is not concentrated in tins.
141. Gum for the femme fatale.
159. In Spain Alberto's 166 across is an important being; an expert on trees.
166. French friend may want to go but Spanish stays so.
172. A riot results at any rate.
185. Unpleasant if date lusts for this.
196. One who gets away, my Lud, ere now.
215. Jobs for undersea vessels or unconditional surrender?

DOWN

2. A kind of dessert and does without an episode.
4. You win this letter if you can be thorough but not tough.
6. One who heals by heat sounds as if he tripped on the step.
8. Specifying any 2 down kind of cap.
10. If 159 across had no toes, he'd be a sea bird. See?
11. S. says it's uppity.
13. Glad to eat in this part of London.
15. Can Rosy make colored pencils?
31. Reel's friend in better odor.
33. You can find relatives in famous Iberia.
35. A tank carrier that needs little lights.
37. Tried once but grew weary.
39. Shakespeare's sissy on stage at Ciro's.
62. When sex appeal does without a Pa, it just discharges.
64. A notorious rat ran away.
85. Pro forma increases may strike one's fancy (5,5)
87. Pleats change a thing like sugar or salt.
89. When he finds a nut, Ben is stiff.
121. Let the lawbreakers explain in the postscript why they're angry.
123. An Indian (Sioux, of course) is worried.
127. Gets up on one's hind legs and backsides.
129. A mourning Mary in stone that is pat.
155. Secret writings in San Francisco, Des Moines, and New York.
161. This negative is weighty in reverse.
163. The swamp is almost a fuss up (obs. sp.).
165. The wise old bird on high but low.
173. Something small or a kind of cat?
186. Bible name found in fir underflooring.
192. Lie about the High Priest.
194. This vessel will run.

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On reconnaissance before taking Regensburg (Ratisbonne), April 25, 1809, Napoleon was hit by a ricochet bullet. As soon as his boot had been slit open and a dressing applied, Napoleon, though in severe pain, joked about his wound, asked for a little help in remounting and rode into the city. His self-control saved his troops from panic on the betrayal of their belief that he could never be wounded.

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